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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED

JOURNAL OF ART

LITERATURE AND

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"THROUGH THE FAIR GREEN"

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

AN IDYLL OF THE GOLF LINKS

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF ART LITERATURE
AND CURRENT EVENTS

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ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

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NEW YORK JULY TWENTY-NINTH 1899

WHAT WILL THE GOLD DEMOCRATS DO?

THIS QUESTION resolves itself into two inquiries: First, Will the fight within the Democratic party against free silver be successful; and, secondly, Should it be unsuccessful, will some of those Democrats who voted for Mr. McKinley in 1896, and many of the Democrats who voted for General Palmer, decide to uphold Mr. Bryan in 1900? To begin with answering the first inquiry, we may point out that, to defeat Mr. Bryan's candidacy in the next Democratic National Convention, more than one-third of the delegates will be needed. Notwithstanding the efforts of Mr. Richard Croker in New York, of Mayor Harrison in Chicago, of ex-Senator A. P. Gorman in Maryland, of Mr. Goebel, the Democratic candidate for Governor in Kentucky, and of influential Gold Democrats in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New England, it now seems improbable that one-third of the delegates can be marshalled against Mr. Bryan's nomination and against a repetition of the demand for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. Even if that number of delegates could be obtained by the Gold Democrats, they still might miss their aim, for a Democratic national convention has the power to repeal the rule which was adopted in 1844, and which made a two-thirds vote the condition of a nomination. We may take for granted, therefore, that, in one way or another, the nomination will be grasped by Mr. Bryan, and that the Democratic platform will be framed in accordance with his wishes. In that event, will all the Democrats who bolted their party ticket in 1896 pursue the same course next year? At first sight, one might be disposed to reply in the affirmative, for precisely the same issue will be presented, with this exception, that the arguments against an isolated attempt on the part of the United States to force silver into circulation at the ratio of 16 to 1 are incomparably stronger than they were three years ago, seeing that now not only the great maritime powers, but Russia, Austria, Italy, Japan and even India have adopted the gold standard. Three years ago there was at least the semblance of a chance that, if we took the initiative, we might bring about the re-establishment of bimetalism through international agreement. That chance has now disappeared. Why, then, should any Democrat who, in 1896, voted for Mr. McKinley or Mr. Buckner now vote for Mr. Bryan? The answer is that many Democrats, much as they oppose the free coinage of silver, dislike to break definitely and irrevocably with their old party, and are willing to seize any pretext to avoid the rupture which a repetition of their former bolt would make irreparable. This pretext they find in the fact that, owing to the present composition of the Senate, the passage of a bill by Congress providing for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 is rendered

impossible for at least six years to come. The election, therefore, of a Democratic President in 1900 would not involve a disastrous surrender of the national finances to the free-silver delusion. This is the ground on which some Democrats who opposed Mr. Bryan three years since may be expected to excuse their support of him at the next general election. The excuse, however, although plausible, will not bear scrutiny. Those who adopt it give proof that they are less steadfast and far-seeing friends of sound money and a gold standard than they profess to be, for there is reason to apprehend that, if Mr. Bryan could muster votes enough to gain possession of the White House on March 4, 1901, he would be able, once invested with all the power and patronage of the Federal Government, so to influence the choice of Senators in doubtful States as, by 1905, if not earlier, to place the Senate under the control of the Democracy.

THE LARGER QUESTION RAISED BY THE
ALASKA BOUNDARY DISPUTE

IT IS WELL-KNOWN that the United States and Great Britain would have agreed long since to refer the delimitation of the Alaska frontier to arbitrators, but for the fact that Canada has insisted upon a provisional arrangement giving her citizens access to the sea. As the right of access to the Pacific is the very point in dispute, our State Department has, naturally, declined to concede it, even temporarily, and the result is that American citizens and British subjects may be brought at any moment into violent collision within the debatable land. It is thus that war might arise, notwithstanding the goodwill with which the two nations now regard each other.

Would it not be better for Great Britain to leave its North American dependency to shift for itself, either in total independence, or as a part of the American Union? What does Great Britain receive from Canada in return for the onerous obligation of backing the Dominion Government with the military and naval forces of the mother country? Canada does not contribute a penny to the British army and navy, or to any of the expenditures made for the collective benefit of the British Empire. She has, to be sure, recently undertaken to impose on imports of British goods lower customs duties than those levied by her upon similar commodities from the United States. The practical effect, however, of this concession is *nil*, the trade of Canada with Great Britain being almost stationary, while, in spite of fiscal obstructions, her trade with the United States is rapidly increasing. It follows that British manufacturers can never gain for their products a monopoly of the Canadian market, even if the market were not insignificant, in comparison with that presented by the United States. It is from another viewpoint, however, that the worthlessness of Canada to Great Britain is most strikingly disclosed. In the event of a war between England on the one hand and France and Russia on the other, not a single cargo of grain could be obtained by the first-named country from Canada, except at the cost of a convoy which might materially weaken the force available for naval operations in other parts of the globe. England could not afford to use a large part of her fleet for the purpose of policing the North Atlantic. On the other hand, England might engage with impunity in a war against France and Russia, so long as she was assured of the friendship of the United States, for our navy is abundantly able to protect the transportation of our grain, and, consequently, England would not be exposed for a moment to the risk of famine. There is, in fact, no doubt that the friendship of the United States would be a matter of life and death to England, were she again confronted by such a combination of Continental nations as Napoleon I. arrayed against her. In the early years of this century, the United Kingdom was self-supporting, in the sense that enough food staples were raised within its borders to nourish its inhabitants. This has long ceased to be the case; at present, only a fraction of England's food supply is derived from her own soil. It would take but a few weeks to starve her into abject submission, if her Continental enemies could secure the co-operation of the United States, which would inevitably carry with it the closing of Canadian ports to British vessels. Our fleet, joined to the navies of France and Russia, could drive from the North Atlantic any British force that could be concentrated in that ocean. On the other hand, if the United States were her ally, or were even resolved to observe a friendly neutrality, England might defy the rest of the world in arms. We add that, if the United States and England were to pursue a common policy in China, they should prove more than a match for all the other maritime powers in that quarter of the globe.

BRAZOS RIVER BRIDGE, NEAR HEMPSTEAD. AFTER THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN THE WATER ROSE TEN FEET HIGHER THAN SHOWN IN THE PICTURE AND DESTROYED THE BRIDGE



THE DISASTROUS FLOODS IN TEXAS

COLLIER'S WEEKLY HAS RECEIVED FROM THE GOVERNOR OF TEXAS THE FOLLOWING COMMUNICATION:

THE BRAZOS VALLEY FLOOD is the most damaging overflow that has occurred in this State during the last half century. In width the waters extended upon an average fully ten miles along the entire distance, and in length at least three hundred and fifty miles. They spared nothing in their destructive course. Dwelling houses and barns upon the river bank, horses, mules, cattle, hogs, and crops of all kinds have been swept away. The greatest sufferers have been those who fill the fields. Only a very few of them are owners of land. They are either renters or employees of the farm owners, working either for daily wages or for an interest in the prospective yield. As a rule, they are very poor—entirely dependent upon their labor for support. The crops, ten days ago, were in splendid condition, and gave promise of a most bountiful harvest, equal to the best that has been realized for many years. All is gone, and these people now have nothing but the scanty clothing in which they escaped from the waters. Fortunately, however, the loss of life has been small. All our people have responded most generously, and are laboring earnestly and liberally to relieve the great distress. Citizens of New York and Boston have voluntarily contributed about \$22,000, and St. Louis about \$2,000, for which we feel grateful.

JOSEPH D. SAYERS,
GOVERNOR OF TEXAS.

DETAILS OF THE DISASTER

Along the banks of the Brazos are cotton fields of vast extent, and much corn, too, is raised. These plantations are owned by planters, wealthy not from what they have made in the past few years, but from the days when a "long staple" cotton planter necessarily meant a millionaire, when cotton sold at half a dollar, and not at the present low price of six cents. The plantations are worked much as they were in the sixties—owned by wealthy planters who take life easy, leaving the management to a "boss." The workers are negroes—happy don't-care-a-snap darkies—who do only what they are driven to. They live in long rows of whitewashed shanties, a family to a cottage, and few ever learn to read and write.

It costs these negroes little to live, and they get better wages than low white labor. The average city negro works four days out of the week, and rests until after Sunday, spending what he earned. Then want drives them back to work. They like plantation work, for there they find "steady jobs." They plant the cotton and rest; pick it and rest—rest until next season comes around, and thus do not have the same trouble as those of the cities hunting for new jobs.

The white man of the South does not work as hard, physically, as the negro, but his work is as other men's, not intermittent. Though he, too, may feel the oppression of the climate, he works for the future and accumulates some wealth. The negro lives from hand to mouth—lives on what he has to-day and trusts to luck for to-morrow. Among the sufferers the negroes number ninety-nine per cent. There was but one negro donation among the thousands sent in response to Governor Sayers' appeal.

The planters along the Brazos had their high-water marks, and when the warning came that the flood was approaching they took the usual precautions. They drove their cattle to heights that had heretofore been

safe, and protected their crops and homes with breakwaters and dikes as well as they could. When the water came it soon rose above the old danger points. Those who could, attempted to reach the hills. Many were cut off by new streams. The river had washed along over the land above and surrounded them and then closed all into one. The Little and the Big Brazos formed a "dead open-and-shut" trap. The land between was soon submerged under one sheet of water. Cotton and corn, the bodies of dead animals, as well as whole houses with their furniture, floated down the stream; and as the piled-up debris struck against one railroad bridge after another their bulkheads gave way and the whole structures were swept into the maelstrom. The current was terrific, and it was with the utmost danger that the life savers did their perilous work.

At the Great Northern and International Railroad bridge the high water has since passed down into the lower Brazos on its way to the Gulf, and the flood has all but receded. There is a yellow alluvium crust on the high land and slush in the low. Dead animals remain unburied. Desolate and deserted are the negroes' cabins; some few, though, have returned and are doing what they can to live and recover their loss. The cotton fields are plastered to the ground. The corn is bent to the earth, and held there, too, with alluvium. In places corn-stalks are hanging on telegraph wires, so high was the flood. The railroad banks are washed through in many places, and the tracks, where the water washed over, have been taken up and turned completely over against the telegraph poles. In places the rails were bent across them, and how the posts stood the strain is a wonder.

Pile-drivers, mud-diggers, and convict gangs were put to work. At night, when the full moon rose over these scenes of destruction and desolation, a weird spectacle was presented by the long rows of convicts and negro laborers in their white garments working along the washed-out railroad lines with lanterns and torches, while armed guards watched over them.

To the unfortunate travellers stalled here and there

at out-of-the-way railroad stations this soon became a familiar, and indeed monotonous, sight; for all over the State of Texas and a good part of Indian Territory bridges were down and all customary means of communication interrupted. A large number of towns and cities thus became isolated, and their inhabitants had to shift for themselves as best they might until the floods receded and the worst of the damage could be temporarily repaired. At the town of Tabor the three bridges crossing Cedar Creek, Bee Creek, and that of the Mathis branch were washed away one right after the other, and all the roads became submerged, until nothing but a slender telephone wire was left to connect the sufferers with the outside world. In Madison County, similarly nearly all the bridges were washed away.

Now that the waters have run their course and some estimate can be made of the total damage done, it is clear that the money contributions for the flood sufferers sent so far are scarcely enough to give a little help to the most pitiable cases of suffering. Those who suffered no less substantial damage, but whose cases, either through their own pride or some other cause, escaped publicity, simply find themselves compelled to begin life anew, often with less than they had at the first start. Yet these are the very people with whom a little outside aid of this kind would be bound to go the furthest. Such, at least, is the opinion of Governor Sayers of Texas.

The downpour began Tuesday night, June 28, and continued three days, with but little cessation. The total precipitation is variously reported at thirty to forty inches during this time. Fourteen counties suffered, from McLennan in Central Texas to Brazoria at the Gulf.

The Brazos River overflowed its banks for three hundred miles of its course, doing a terrible work of destruction. The Houston and Texas Central Railroad enters the Brazos bottom near Hempstead, fifty miles from its southern terminus—Houston—and emerges again ninety miles northward.

At Hearne, a little north of the centre of the flood district, the International and Great Northern Railway crosses the Houston and Texas Central, and near Hearne crosses the Brazos. This road also suffered heavily, but within ten days was sufficiently repaired to run trains, while the Houston and Texas Central is still, at this writing, unable to get trains through, not even being in condition to transfer, and its business for thirty miles yet remaining is paralyzed.

Across Campbell's Creek, near Hearne, an iron bridge seventy-five feet long was washed one hundred and fifty yards away from the track, and remains high and dry in a cotton field. A heavy stone culvert was washed out, and, without being much broken up, was left several rods away from the track. Similar havoc was wrought all along the lines of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, the Great Northern and the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, with all their branches.

The losses reduced to figures are about as follows:

Twenty-eight people known to be dead from drowning. About forty thousand farm laborers, mostly negroes and tenants, are destitute. Over eight million dollars' damage to cotton. Five million dollars' damage to other crops. Loss to railroads, a million dollars.

The worst thing for the stricken country is that cotton cannot now be replanted with any hope of maturing in time to yield crops this year. The greater part of the plantation laborers must therefore remain a long while unemployed.



A RELIEF PARTY ON THE
H. & T. C. RY.



AN INUNDATED COTTON PLANTATION

REFUGEES AT SUGARLAND

RAILROAD SECTION HOUSE AT SARTARTIA



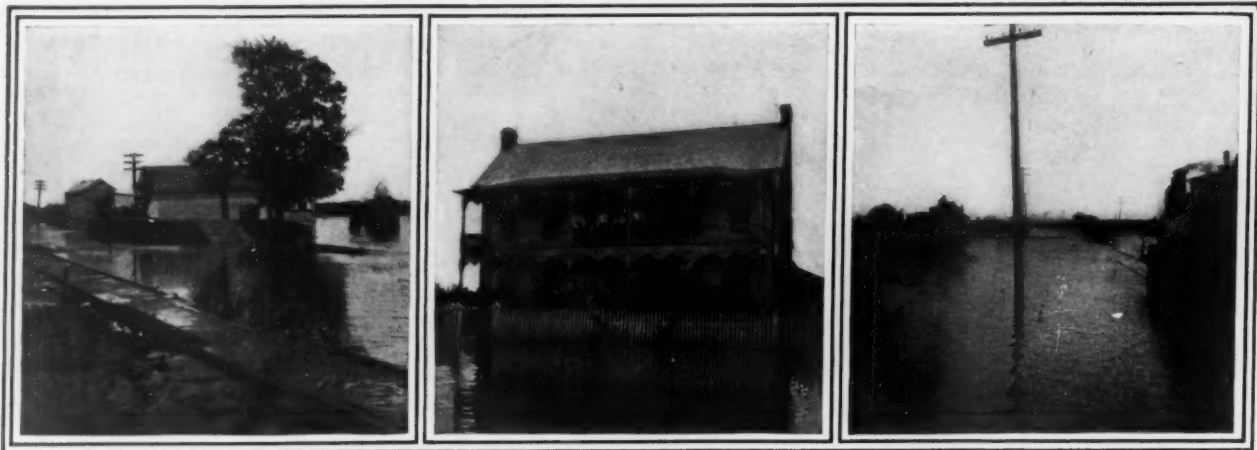
WASHOUT AT SPRING CREEK BRIDGE, HOUSTON AND TEXAS CENTRAL RAILWAY, NEAR HEARNE



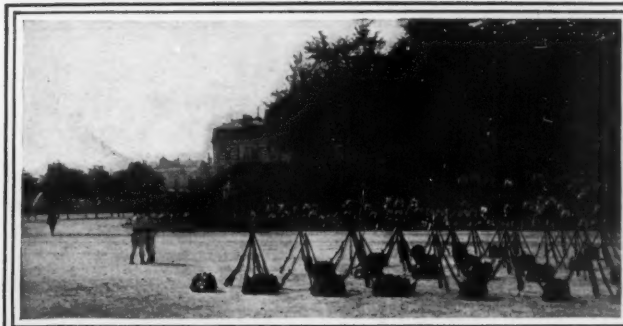
A CORNFIELD IN THE BRAZOS BOTTOMS

SARTARTIA DEPOT, FIVE MILES FROM
THE BRAZOS RIVER

A FARM IN THE BRAZOS BOTTOMS

THE ELLIS PLANTATION AT
SARTARTIACAPTAIN RIDDICK'S PLANTATION
AT EULALIETHE RAILROAD RIGHT OF WAY AT
SUGARLAND

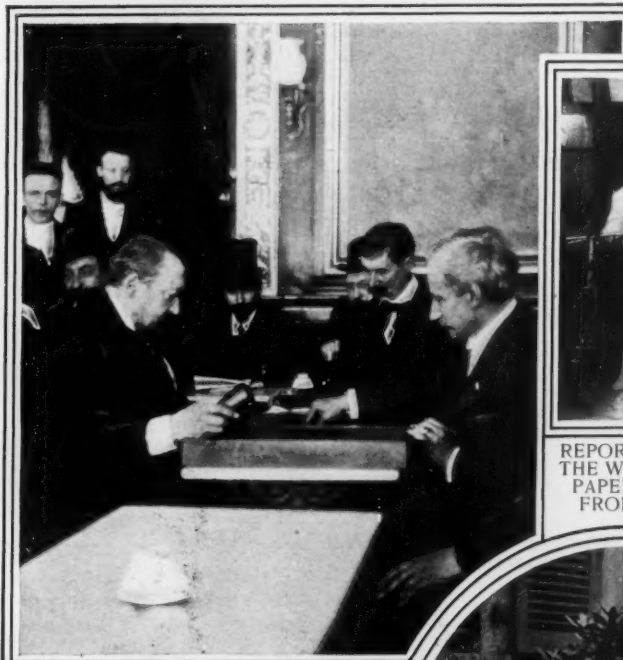
THE DISASTROUS FLOODS IN TEXAS
(See page 5)



TROOPS HELD IN READINESS ON THE BIG DRILL
GROUND NEAR STATION AT RENNES



RAILWAY STATION AT RENNES, THE ANNOUNCED
PLACE OF ARRIVAL OF DREYFUS



JOURNALISTIC HEADQUARTERS AT
THE CAFE DU PALAIS, RENNES



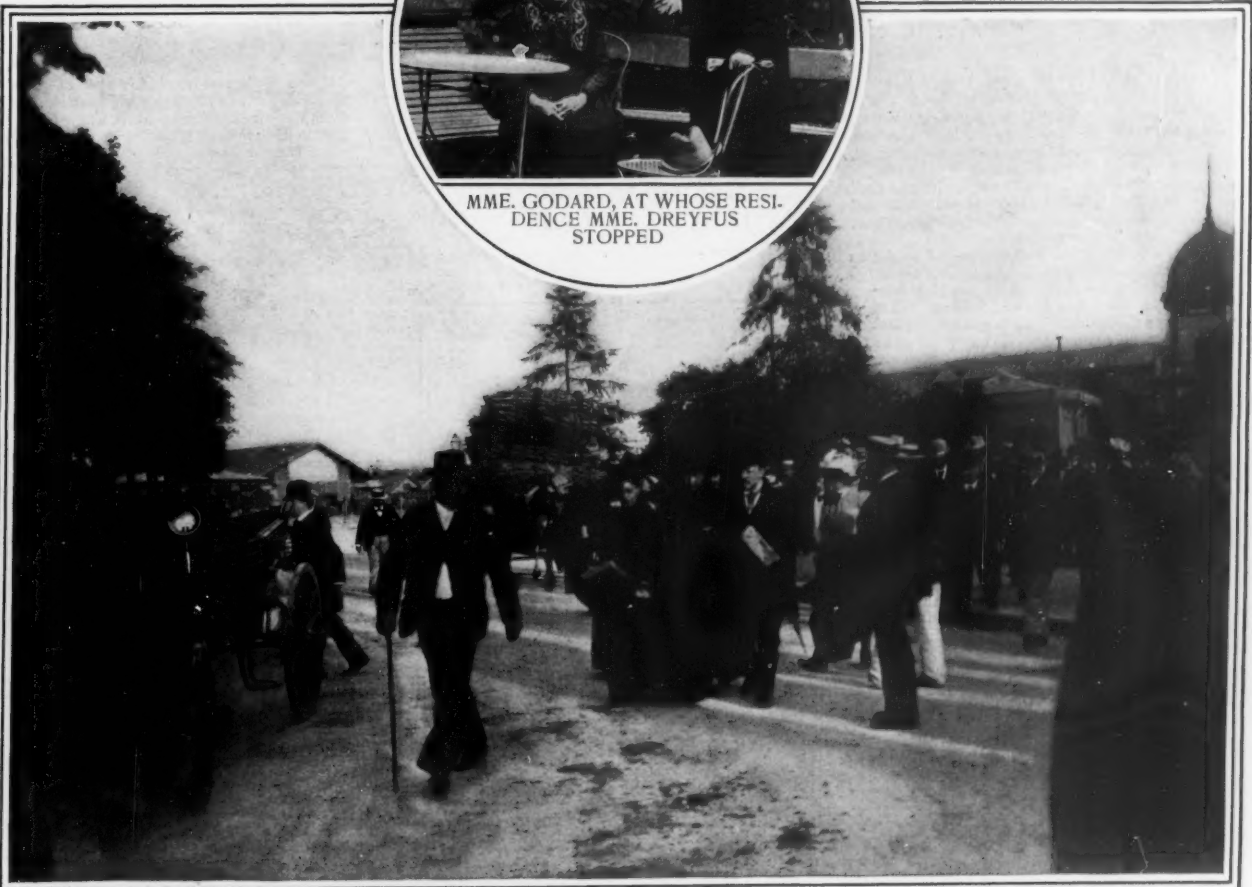
REPORTER OF
THE WOMAN'S
PAPER, "LA
FRONDE"



THE PRISON AT RENNES. WINDOW
OF DREYFUS' CELL MARKED X



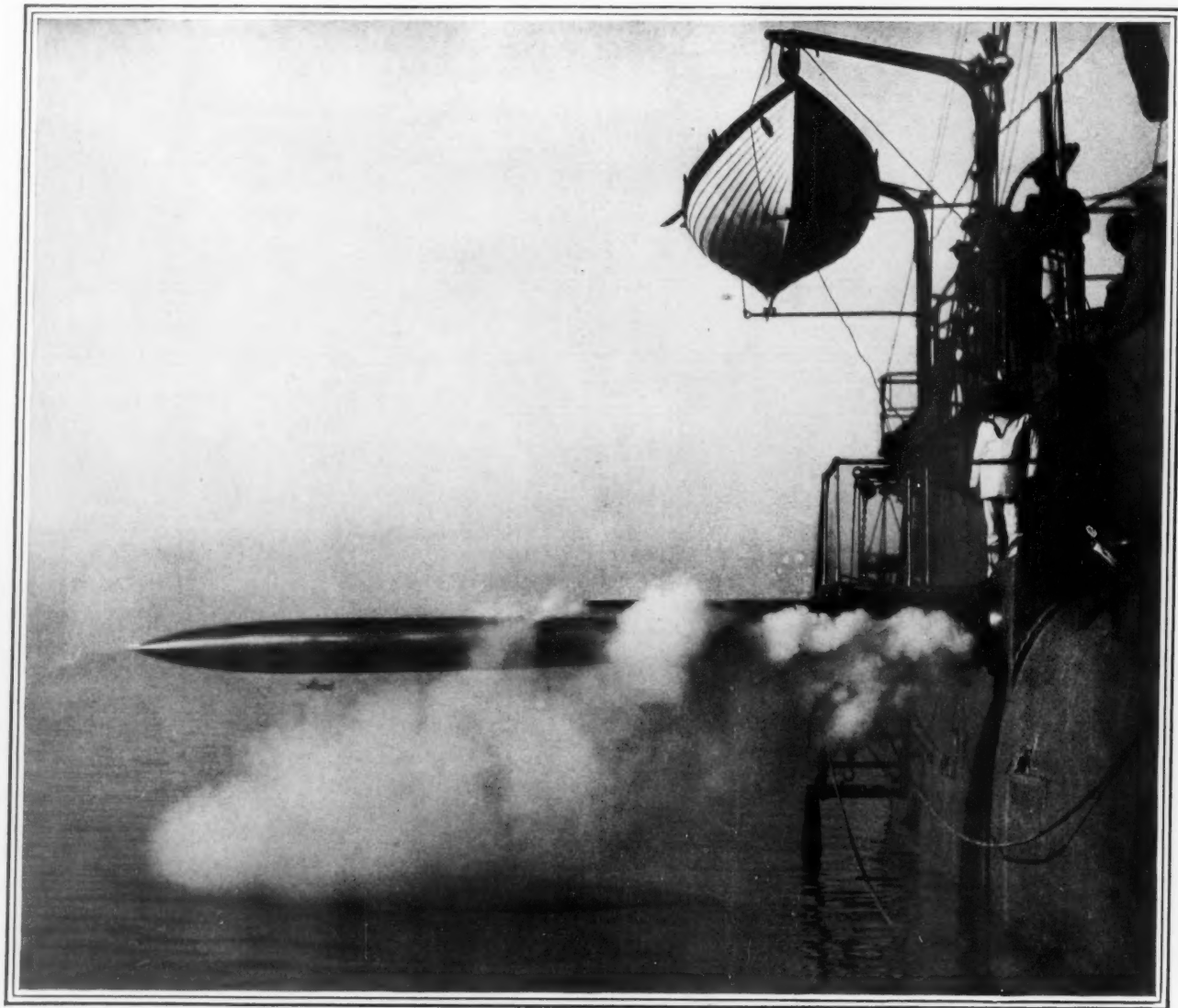
MME. GODARD, AT WHOSE RESI-
DENCE MME. DREYFUS
STOPPED



ARRIVAL OF MME. DREYFUS, CAPTAIN DREYFUS' WIFE, AT RENNES, JUNE 28. HER BROTHER, M. GEORGES HADAMARD,
IS ON HER LEFT, AND HER MOTHER, MME. HADAMARD, ON HER RIGHT

THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS TO FRANCE. SCENES AT RENNES—(See page 17)

(PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF)



FIRING A TORPEDO—AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF A TORPEDO LEAVING A FIRING TUBE OF THE CRUISER "CONDOR" DURING RECENT MANŒUVRES OF THE FRENCH FLEET

FROM WEEK TO WEEK



SOME of the opponents of war, in recent years, have watched, with more or less cheerfulness, the development of what an ingenious writer has called "the art of destructibility." They believe that in a comparatively short time war will become so disastrous as to be self-prohibitory. Recent fighting, however, has shown that, in this regard, the world has not really advanced so far as we supposed. Increased capacity for destruction has been accompanied by improved devices for defence. As an art, war has still a splendid future. The introduction of the "dum-dum" bullets means, of course, a great advance along the road of horror, so great, in fact, that the Peace Congress has lately been devoting special attention to them. Nevertheless, so enlightened a nation as England has sent them to her troops in South Africa. So if President Kruger does not take a more conciliatory tone his Boers may be treated to a new form of warfare. Great hopes, of course, were entertained of the smokeless powder. So it is disheartening to hear that even this hopeful invention may be outwitted by arming the soldiers with goggles! But this is reducing the noble art of war to an absurdity!



To acknowledge an error is one of the most difficult and one of the noblest of human achievements. So at this moment the world is sympathizing with Captain Watkins of the Paris. By an accident, common among even the most careful people, the captain, after years of faithful service, made a blunder that threw his ship into the grip of the rocks. Under ordinary conditions the error would have betrayed itself and no harm would have been done; only the bad weather made the disaster possible. The captain has accepted his sentence of two years of suspension from duty like a man and an officer. To many people it seems as if his shame and grief must have been punishment enough. But discipline had to be maintained.



If William of Germany had not been born in the imperial purple what a splendid advertising manager he would make. He really has a genius for sensational "ideas." His latest idea of paying a friendly visit to a French cruiser is one of his most brilliant strokes. It has fairly

stupefied France. The French papers apparently do not know what to make of it. One of them—and how deliciously this illustrates the pride and the provincialism of Paris—thinks the visit was made in order that the emperor might secure an invitation to the Exposition next year! If it has any significance whatever, it simply shows that William would like to end the feud between Germany and France. It is easy for the victor to be magnanimous. At this time, however, it is rather fine of the emperor to extend the hand of friendship. France cannot afford to go to war with her old

foe, and she cannot forever remain in a state of inflamed resentment over the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. The time may not be far distant when, in the new combinations now forming between the nations, she may be very glad of Germany's goodwill. The natural enemy of France is not Germany, but England.



It is only a few years since spiritualism in all its forms was regarded by many people of intelligence as orthodox's natural foe. Some of these people went so far as to declare that its manifestations were nothing less than the machinations of the devil. So it seems a little odd just now that spiritualism should be seriously regarded by hard-headed scientists of good repute, who were themselves suspected a short time ago of being enemies of religion, as one of the strongest indications we have of the existence of the future life. This change of feeling has been materially aided by a very simple and, so far as can be detected, an absolutely truthful lady named Mrs. Piper. Every one in Boston who possesses an inquiring mind knows that Mrs. Piper's case has been investigated by the American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research; she at first bewildered and then convinced such men as Professor Hodgson, the secretary of the branch, and Professor William James, the psychologist of Harvard University, who is eminently a man of common-sense as well as a scientist of note, that she was a woman of "more than mortal knowledge," or, rather, more than what used to be regarded as mortal knowledge. Some of these investigators have been led from agnosticism into a belief in the immortality of the soul; and lately Dr. James H. Hyslop, Professor of Psychology at Columbia University, has come forward and has boldly declared that he is gathering material which will give absolute scientific proof of an existence beyond the grave. Already his evidence is eagerly anticipated, and he is sure of a wide hearing. According to the evidence given by Mrs. Piper, it would appear that the future life is not so different from our present existence as most of us like to suppose. In fact, it is at this moment going on all around us. Moreover, one spirit has declared through this marvellous medium that he is engaged in the very occupation which engrossed him during his earthly career. That is a discouraging revelation to those of us who have thought all our lives that when once we had left this existence we should better ourselves. As this particular witness happened to be



THE LATE GRAND-DUKE GEORGE, WHO WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED TO THE RUSSIAN THRONE. BORN MAY 9, 1871. DIED JULY 10, 1899



COLONEL BURT, OF THE
25TH REGIMENT.



DEPARTURE OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT ON THE TROOPSHIP "PENNSYLVANIA," WHICH LEFT SAN FRANCISCO FOR MANILA ON JULY 1.

a brilliant writer, who loved his work, it may be that he was put to the task that suited him best. Let us hope, at any rate, that if we must work in the other existence, we shall either have a choice of occupation, or shall be given those positions of high responsibility to which our gifts entitle us. If we have a choice, most of us will surely know what *not* to choose.



A writer in the New York "Tribune" offers a curious protest against the photograph of the minor writer, which appears in such large numbers in the literary periodicals and in the daily press. "If it were a reasonable image, like unto that by which the ordinary member of society is content to be remembered," he verbosely remarks, "we would not mind. That kind of portrait is easily forgotten. But the photograph, prepared with special reference to the subject's conception of what a poet or novelist ought to be, is a fearsome and terrible thing. Once seen it haunts the memory like a nightmare." Now, this is a very strange statement. Let us examine it a bit. Do writers, who are supposed to have at least a little common sense, make themselves so ridiculous? Can their photographs be justly compared with the absurd posings of second-rate actors and actresses? As a matter of fact, an examination of our current literary periodicals will show that the photographs of literary celebrities are less affected than such photographs used to be. For example, the "literary pose," in which the subject is absorbed in reading a photograph album, has almost wholly gone out of fashion. Most of the pictures of writers now published might represent women and men in almost any field of work in which intelligence is a requisite. The critic in the "Tribune" has worked up a great deal of resentment over an evil that doesn't exist.



This is the time of year when we suffer most from the postal regulations. We go out of town for a few weeks' rest. Now, we think, we shall have time for reading, while lounging in a hammock under the trees, or on the canopied deck of a yacht. So we take a new interest in the periodicals for which we have been subscribing. Then we suddenly realize that we have forgotten to inform the mailing clerks of the periodicals that we have changed our address. One after the other the terrible postal notices pursue us. "If you will at once return this card and two (or more, generally more) cents in stamps, in a prepaid envelope—" How wearisomely familiar it has become! Why, we ask ourselves, was such a regulation ever made? When it first began to annoy us why didn't we write to the papers about it? What can we do to have it repealed? We resolve to do something when we go back to town. Meanwhile, we squander our substance on postage or we go without our periodicals. When we do go back to town and settle in

one place for the winter, we forget all about the matter. And yet the nuisance goes on. Can't something be done to stop it?



It is not unlikely that the late Robert Louis Stevenson will soon be recognized as the last of the old-fashioned letter-writers. As every one knows, literary letters are seldom written nowadays; swift mail-service, the telegraph, and the hurry of modern life have all contrived to put an end to them. Some people like to deplore their disappearance; but the feeling in the matter seems rather gratuitously sentimental. Stevenson, however, made letter-writing a fine art. His most trifling notes might have been composed with a view to publication. They are the best evidence that could be given of his inalienable devotion to style. Consequently, they make very entertaining reading; but they seem hardly letters, in the ordinary sense of the word; they are much more than mere personal expression. Now, some people like to receive letters of this kind; but it is safe to assume that most peo-

ple don't like them, or wouldn't like them, if they got them. This brings up an interesting inquiry: What kind of letters do literary people write to one another? Do they get up on stilts and write letters that are literature, or do they write the every-day, human letters, that people write who aren't literary? It is safe to assume that they write the every-day, human kind, and that, if they had to conduct their friendly correspondence with their brother-authors on the purely literary basis, they would find the business extremely tedious.



Since reaching Santiago, General Leonard Wood has again shown his decision and energy in treating the yellow-fever situation. His character and his professional and military experience have made him the ideal man for his position. So it is a great satisfaction to know that he has definitely decided to remain in the army as long as he is needed. Men of his kind are rare. It is a pity, however, that they should be obliged to serve their country at a personal sacrifice. How long will it be before we, as a nation, realize the folly of practicing economy in trying to build up a strong public service?



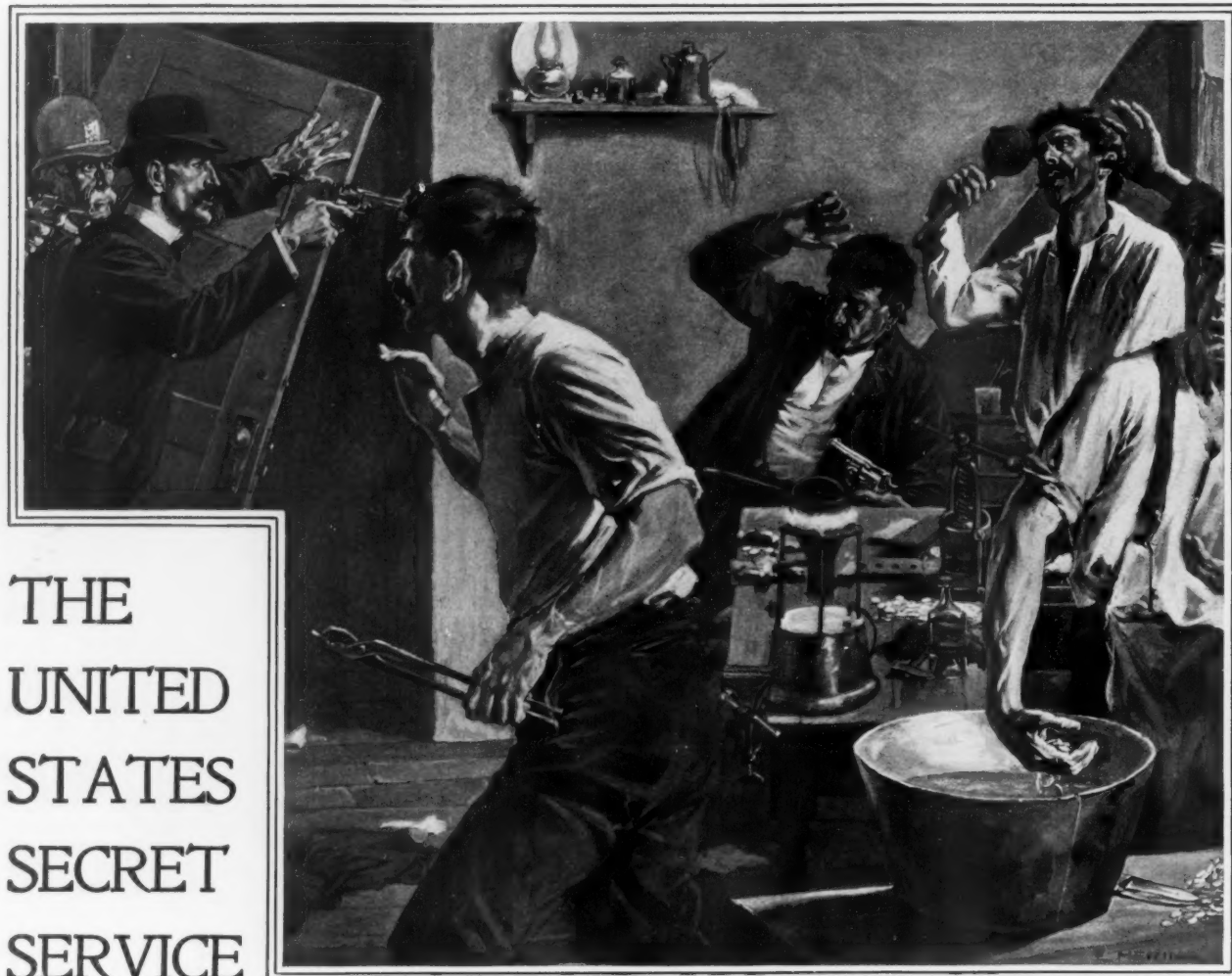
The recent deaths of two royalties had no political significance. For years the Grand-duke George of Russia had been an invalid, and, though by inheritance he was the direct heir to the throne of Russia, his physical disability had taken him out of the line of succession. As none of the three daughters of the Czar can succeed to the throne, the present heir is the Czar's second brother, the Grand-duke Michael. As he is little more than twenty years of age, it is not possible to form an estimate of his qualities. Present circumstances considered, his chances of succession are very dubious. As for Kapiolani, once queen of the Hawaiian Islands, she had kept in recent years so far in the background that to most Americans she was only a name. A dozen years or so ago she paid a visit to this country, and made a most favorable impression by her intelligence and common-sense.



Why was the Shamrock launched in petticoats? For weeks now this question has agitated the sportsmen of at least two nations, and it may be assumed that other sportsmen the world over have shared the curiosity. Is there anything the matter with the Shamrock's shape? Or is it a shape unlike that of any other yacht ever before created? Would the exposure of the outlines have caused a whole fleet of imitators to spring into being? Surely no other yacht ever began her career so mysteriously. Even her christening by Lady Russell was performed with apparently the deepest secrecy. If the Shamrock outsails the Columbia, of course public curiosity with regard to her will become intense. But if she is defeated, then how ridiculous all of Sir Thomas Lipton's performances will seem!



QUEEN KAPIOLANI,
WHO DIED AT WAIKIKI, HAWAII, ON JUNE 24,
AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-FIVE.



THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE

SECRET SERVICE OFFICERS SURPRISING FALSE COINERS

DRAWN BY E. HERING

YOUR COUNTERFEITER is a man who gets something from nothing. A sheet of metal, some ink and paper, or a bit of base metal and a handful of properly manipulated plaster of Paris—and presto! his purse fills with crisp new bills and jingling coin of the realm. Eliminating the question of detection, the counterfeiting business is an ideal one. But your Uncle Sam, ever jealous of his rights, insisting that he alone shall grind out the pictures and medals that pass current among his millions of children, discourages all competition in the money manufacturing line, and has provided an unpleasant list of punishments for offenders in that direction to suppress enterprises having for their object the imitation of government securities. And to bring to book those who had the temerity to embark in them, the Secret Service Division was established in the early sixties as a part of the Treasury Department. Counterfeiting is a peculiarly mean crime, because so far-reaching in its results and involving so many innocent people. Take, for instance, the case of the poor artisan who had hoarded his savings for years and from time to time exchanged his small bills for those of larger denominations. One day he reads of the detection of a new counterfeit, a cunning reproduction of the genuine, and later finds that of his cherished savings nearly every bill is spurious. He is without recourse, unless able to trace the bills direct to those from whom he obtained them—an exceedingly difficult matter.

The government safeguards its currency in every way that ingenuity can suggest: first, in the intricate portions of engraving—delicate lace-like creations of the geometric lathe; in the perfection of its portraits, and in the distinctive character of the paper upon which its obligations are printed. Time was when the counterfeiter was forced to rely entirely upon the keenness of eye and the skill of hand in copying the designs chosen by the government upon its money. Now, modern processes of photo-etching open the field to a greater number of forgers, who need perhaps but a small part of the skill of the "old timer" to reproduce a note much more deceptive than that of years ago. Certainty of swift detection should perhaps prevent counterfeiting, but so long as there is a gambler's chance of escape there will be found those who feel sure they can succeed where others have failed. Hence the necessity for the Secret Service branch of the government. And as the making of spurious money is a fascinating enterprise for a cunning rogue, so the checkmating of that same rascal in the countless schemes devised to yield an illegitimate fortune is a game of absorbing interest to him who plays it. The liberty of one, perhaps the life of one or the other, are the stakes in this battle royal.

The advantage lies first with the lawbreaker. He plans and works in secret for months and sometimes years; then stealthily, through trusted channels, the

product of his labors is marketed and bad money is quickly turned into good. But work as he may, some imperfection in his spurious bills which has escaped him one day arrests the glance of a keen-eyed money handler. Familiarity with the characteristics of genuine money results in the involuntary detection of a counterfeit. Something about the bill is "off." One may not be able to determine in just what respect it fails to equal the genuine, and sends it to Washington for inspection. There a line-for-line comparison with the genuine establishes the spurious character of the suspected note; circulars giving its description and pointing out its imperfections are sent broadcast to bankers and money handlers. The public, thus placed upon its guard, is wary, and it is no longer safe for the gang to continue the circulation of this particular note. Changes must be made in the plate to disguise its character or a new plate prepared. Meantime everything is "off," and the passers lay low while the maker goes to work again. The counterfeiters have made the first move in the game, which is now "up to" the Secret Service.

I might go on and detail the operations of the service in the work of discovering the maker of a good counterfeit, but it would hardly be wise to do so. No two cases are ever exactly alike, for your counterfeiter is a fertile fellow, and is a constant student and inventor of precautionary measures that he feels certain will insure his safety. In the investigations made by the division, the chief has constantly before him the exhaustive daily reports of each man in the service, and a careful weighing of the various points submitted by operatives working often at widely separated localities will frequently suggest a move in the right direction. The gravity of the crime makes progress slow, for no step is taken until facts are established to warrant it. It is always considered desirable to so arrange the final act in this drama so that the criminal may be taken wholly by surprise. There is a sort of momentary paralysis following the shock of sudden disaster, and when a raid is properly planned the chances of serious resistance are minimized.

Occasionally it happens that it becomes necessary for a deal to be made directly with the handlers of spurious money, and in these cases it takes a man of nerve and keen wit to bring it to a successful issue. Such transactions are always fraught with great personal danger. Perhaps this may be best illustrated by briefly outlining the experience of operatives of the division in breaking up the notorious "Bish" Ware gang in Western Pennsylvania. Ware, who had been known as a desperado in the mountains about Altoona for many years, finally formed a combination with one "Slippery Jim" Funk, as had a man as himself, to embark in the enterprise of shoving counterfeit coins. His connection with this sort of work was unsuspected until in a moment of

bravado he exhibited a quantity of new bogus coins in a small mountain town. An operative of the Secret Service Division, after some weeks of patient work, succeeded in approaching Ware and Funk with a proposition to purchase a quantity of their product. It was not an easy matter to bring them to the point of actually making the trade. Suspicious always of possible pitfalls, they indulged in a series of tests to establish to their satisfaction the character of the man with whom they were to deal. Appointments were made apparently in good faith for the exchange of the bogus metal, packages ostensibly containing the coins were brought to the place of meeting for the deliberate purpose of drawing the fire, if I may so express it, of government officers, should this really be a trap. Arrests on any of these occasions would have been fruitless, for the packages contained nothing but blocks of wood. Patience and good judgment on the part of the officers prevented precipitate action, and succeeded in lulling the suspicions of the coiners. Finally an appointment was made at a small hotel at Tyrone, Pa. To Operative Abbott had fallen the dangerous task of meeting the men and carrying on the deal. Operative Perkins, with an assistant, secured a room at the hotel on the opposite side of the hall from that occupied by the coiners and Abbott. It was arranged that Abbott should, by some ruse, get one of the men to leave the room after the coin was actually in sight, and the arrests were to be made as soon as this was accomplished. "Slippery Jim" and Abbott were first in their room, and a little later were joined by "Bish," who carried an ordinary leather traveling satchel. This, which weighed something over a hundred pounds, was handed over to "Slippery Jim," and he and Abbott took seats at opposite sides of a small table, each with his revolver under his right leg on the chair ready for any emergency, while "Bish," with his gun in his hand, stood guard at the door. It was a trying moment for the officer when Funk opened the grip and took from it roll after roll of coin, neatly made up in packages of ten dollars. The time had nearly come to act, and he read death in the faces of the two criminals. One of the men must be gotten rid of temporarily, but how? His mind worked rapidly, and as he took the rolls from Funk one by one a plausible plan presented itself which was at least worth a trial. The counting went on slowly until nearly the whole amount had been transferred.

"Look here," said Abbott suddenly, "I can't take a chance on this stuff coming loose and rattling around in my grip. I am taking long chances in this thing and I don't want to slip up. Jim," addressing the man across the table, "take this half dollar and run across to the dry goods store and get me a piece of muslin. I'll feel safer with these rolls done up in cloth."

"Wait until we get through," said Jim.

The count went on, and at its conclusion "Bish"

stepped to the table and with an oath said that he would get the cloth. Thrusting his revolver into his pocket he dashed out of the room and down the stairs. The moment the door closed Abbott, declaring his identity as an officer, tackled Funk. In less than a minute Funk had the upper hand of the officer, and the muzzle of his pistol was pressed against his forehead. Abbott managed to get one of his fingers under the hammer of the weapon and prevented its use, though Funk was slowly choking the life out of him, when Perkins and his assistant broke into the room and quickly had the desperado overpowered and handcuffed. They stepped back into the hall just as "Bish" came dashing back with the cloth in his hands. Perkins ordered a surrender, and the answer was two pistol shots, so close that the flash almost blinded him. The fire was returned, and Ware, apparently unharmed, made for the stairs, reached the street, ran a short distance, turned into an alley, and there dropped dead, having been shot through the lung.

Insignificant facts sometimes lead to the unearthing of dangerous crowds of counterfeiters. A couple of years ago a man named Moses applied to a die sinker in New York for a set of metal numbers, and gave



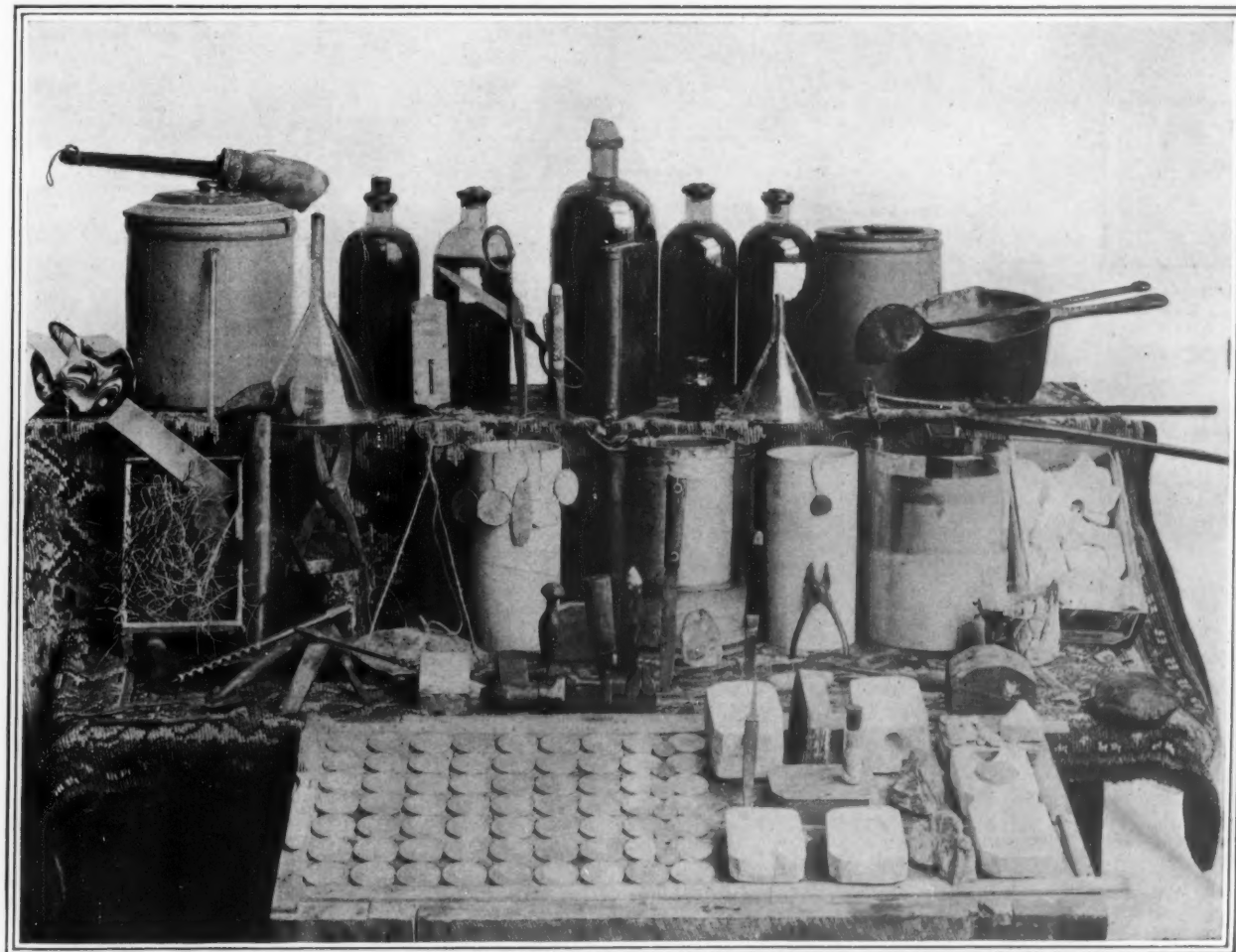
JOHN E. WILKIE

CHIEF OF SECRET SERVICE DIVISION, TREASURY DEPARTMENT

as a pattern for the numbers a tracing of their form on gelatine. The engraver recognized the figures as being like those used by the government in numbering its notes, but kept his suspicions to himself. Later he confided in an agent of the service, and a little patient investigation resulted in rounding up a number of persons who had beautifully lithographed copies of a five-dollar bill, and who needed but the numbering device to perfect their product.

The ingenuity of counterfeiters in avoiding the purchase and possession of the elaborate machinery used in the legitimate production of engraved notes is often a source of wonder. John A. Skoog of Chicago, now a fugitive from justice, used as his press for the production of a very deceptive bill an ordinary clothes wringer, while another Western counterfeiter, Mellinger, who committed suicide in jail, used a small wooden press of his own manufacture that was wonderfully effective. But no matter how clever the man may be who embarks in this sort of crime, there is sure to come a day when, absorbed in his work, he will find himself confronted by government officers, and then—the great doors of a bleak prison are not far away.

JOHN E. WILKIE,
CHIEF OF U. S.
SECRET SERVICE.



FALSE COINERS' IMPLEMENTS

AN UNUSUALLY COMPLETE OUTFIT FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF COUNTERFEIT UNITED STATES COINS. AT THE BACK ARE A MELTING POT, A LADLE, AND SUNDRY CHEMICALS. BELOW THESE ARE PLATING BATTERIES. IN FRONT ARE PLASTER OF PARIS MOLDS, TO THE RIGHT; TO THE LEFT IS A "FINISHING" BOARD, WHERE COINS ARE POLISHED AND "AGED"



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL

"DROP THE KNIFE, MOHAMMED IBRAHIM," SAID DICKY

FIELDING HAD AN ORDERLY

BY GILBERT PARKER

I



IS LEGS WERE like pipe-stems, his body was like a board, but he was straight enough, not unsoldierly, nor so bad to look at when his back was on you; but when he showed his face you had little pleasure in him. It was a face of brown putty, the nose like India-rubber, the eyes with the dull sullen

look of a mongrel got of a fox-terrier and a bull-dog. Like this sort of mongrel also, his eyes turned a brownish red when he was excited.

You could always tell when something had gone wrong with Ibrahim the Orderly by that curious dull glare in the eyes. Solamlik Pacha said to Fielding that it was hashish; Fielding said it was a cross breed of Soudanese and Fellah. But little Dicky Donovan said it was something else, and he kept his eye upon Ibrahim. And little Dicky Donovan, with all his faults, could screw his way from the front of a thing to the back thereof like no other civilized man you ever knew. He said it was something else, and he stuck to it. But he did not press his opinions upon Fielding, who was an able administrator and a very clever fellow also, with a genial habit of believing in people who served him; and that is bad in an Oriental country.

As an orderly Ibrahim was like a clock; as stiff in his gait as a pendulum, as regular as a minute. He had no tongue for gossip either, so far as Fielding knew. Also, five times a day he said his prayers—an unusual thing for a Gippy soldier-servant; for as the Gippy's rank increases he soils his knees and his forehead in the dust with discretion: his confidences with Allah are chiefly private. This was another reason why Dicky Donovan suspected him.

It was supposed that Ibrahim could not speak a word of English; and he seemed so stupid, he looked so blank, when English was spoken, that Fielding had no doubt the English language was a Tablet of Abydos to him. But Dicky was more wary, and waited. He could be very patient and simple, and his delicate face seemed as innocent as a girl's when he said to Ibrahim one morning: "Ibrahim, brother of scorpions, I'm going to teach you English!" and, squatting like a Turk on the deck of the *Amenhotep*, the stern-wheeled tub which Fielding called a steamer, he began to teach Ibrahim.

"Say 'Good morning, kind sir!'" he drawled. No tongue was ever so thick, no throat so guttural, as Ibrahim's when he obeyed this command. That was why suspicion grew the more in the mind of Dicky.

But he made the Gippy say "Good-morning, kind sir!" over and over again. Now, it was a peculiar thing that Ibrahim's pronunciation grew worse every time; which goes to show that a combination of Soudanese and Fellah doesn't make a really clever villain. Twice, three times, Dicky gave him other words and phrases to say, and practice made Ibrahim more perfect in error.

Dicky enlarged the vocabulary suddenly thus: "An old man had three sons; one was a thief, another a rogue, and the worst of them all was a soldier. . . . But the soldier died first!"

As he said these words he kept his eyes fixed on Ibrahim in a smiling, juvenile sort of way; and he saw the color—the reddish-brown color—creep slowly into Ibrahim's eyes. For Ibrahim's father had three sons; and certainly one was a thief, for he had been a tax-gatherer; and one was a rogue, for he had been the servant of a Greek money-lender; and Ibrahim was a soldier!

Ibrahim was made to say these words over and over again, and the red fire in his eyes deepened as Dicky's face lighted up with what seemed a mere mocking pleasure, a sort of impish delight in teasing, like that of a madcap girl with a yokel. Each time Ibrahim said the words he jumbled them worse than before. Then Dicky asked him if he knew what an old man was, and Ibrahim said no. Dicky said softly in Arabic that the old man was a fool to have three such sons—a thief, and a rogue, and a soldier. With a tender patience he explained what a thief and a rogue were, and his voice was curiously soft when he added in Arabic, "And the third son was like you, Ibrahim . . . and he died first!"

Ibrahim's eyes gloomed under the railery—under what he thought the cackle of a detested Inglesse with a face like a girl; of an infidel who had a tongue that handed you honey on the point of a two-edged sword. In his heart he hated this slim, small exquisite as he had never hated Fielding. His eyes became like little pots of simmering blood, and he showed his teeth in a hateful way, because he was sure he should glut his hatred before the moon added more fulness to her crescent.

Little Dicky Donovan knew, as he sleepily told Ibrahim to go, that for months the Orderly had listened to the wholesome but scathing talk of Fielding and himself on the Egyptian government, and had reported it to those whose tool and spy he was.

That night, the stern-wheeled tub, called the *Amenhotep*, lurched like a turtle on its back into the sands by Beni Hassan. Of all the villages of Upper Egypt, from the time of Rameses, none has been so bad as Beni Hassan. Every ruler of Egypt, at one time or another, has raided it and razed it to the ground. It was not for pleasure that Fielding sojourned there.

This day, and for three days past, Fielding had been abed in his cabin with a touch of Nilotic fever. His heart was sick for Cairo, for he had been three months on the river; and Mrs. Henshaw was in Cairo—Mrs. Henshaw, the pretty widow of Henshaw of the Buffs. She lived with her brother, a stone's throw from the Esbekieh Gardens. Fielding longed for Cairo, but Beni Hassan intervened. The Little Man who worried Ibrahim urged him the way his private inclinations ran, but he was obdurate; duty must be done.

Dicky Donovan had reasons other than private ones for making haste to Cairo. During the last three days they had stopped at five villages on the Nile, and in each place Dicky, who had done Fielding's work of inspection for him, had been met with unusual insolence from the Arabs and Fellahs, officials and others, and the prompt chastisement he rendered with his riding-crop in return did not tend to ease his mind, though it soothed his feelings. There had been flying up the river strange rumors of trouble down in Cairo, black threats of rebellion—of a seditious army in the palm of one man's hand. At the cafés on the Nile, Dicky himself had seen strange gatherings, which dispersed as he came on them. For, somehow, his smile had the same effect as other men's frowns.

This evening he added a whistle to his smile as he made his inspection of the engine room and the galley and every corner of the *Amenhotep*, according to his custom. What he whistled no man knew, not even himself. It was ready-made. It might have been a melody, but, as things happened, it was an overture; and by the eyes—the red-litten windows of the mind of Mohammed Ibrahim, who squatted beside Holgate, the Yorkshire engineer, by the wheel playing *mankalah*—he knew it was an overture.

As he went to his cabin he murmured to himself, "There's the devil to pay: now I wonder what it is, and who pays!"

Because he was planning things of moment, he took a *darabukkeh* down to Fielding's cabin, and made Fielding play it, native fashion, as he thrummed his own banjo and sang the airy ballad "The Dragons of Enniskillen." But Dicky was thinking hard all the time.

Now there was in Beni Hassan a Ghazeyeh, a dancing-woman of the Ghawaze tribe, of whom, in the phrase of the moralists, the less said the better. What her name was does not matter. She was well-to-do. She had a husband who played the *kemench* for her dancing. She had as good a house as the Omdah, and she had two female slaves.

Dicky Donovan was of that rare type of man who has the keenest desire to know all things, good or evil, though he was fastidious when it came to doing them.

NOTE—"Fielding Had an Orderly," by Gilbert Parker, author of "The Seats of the Mighty," is the first of a series of Short Stories by this writer which will appear in COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

He had a gift of keeping his own commandments. If he had been a six-footer and riding eighteen stone—if he hadn't been, as Fielding often said, so "damned finicky," he might easily have come a cropper. For, being absolutely without fear, he did what he listed and went where he listed. An insatiable curiosity was his strongest point, save one. If he had had a headache—though he never had—he would at once have made an inquiry into the various kinds of headache possible to mortal man, with pungent deductions from his demonstrations. So it was that when he first saw a dancing-girl in the streets of Cairo he could not rest until he had traced the history of dancing-girls back through the ages, by circuitous routes through Greece and the ruby East, even to the days of the earliest Pharaohs, when the beautiful bad ones were invited to the feasts of the mighty, to charm the eyes of King Seti or Queen Hatsu.

He was an authority on the tribe of the Ghawázee, proving, to their satisfaction and his own, their descent from the household of Haroon al Rasheed. He was therefore welcome among them. But he had found also, as many another wise man has found in "furrin parts," that your greatest safety lies in bringing tobacco to the men and leaving the women alone. For, in those distant lands, a man may sell you his nuptial bed, but he'll pin the price of it to your back one day with the point of a lance or the wedge of a hatchet.

Herebefore will be found the reason why Dicky Donovan—twenty five and no mustache, pink-cheeked and rosy-hearted, and no white spots on his liver—went straight, that particular night, to the house of the chief dancing-girl of Beni Hassan for help in his trouble. From her he had learned to dance the dance of the Ghawázee. He had learned it that, with his insatiable curiosity, his archaeological instinct, he should be able to compare it with the Nautch dance of India, the Hula-Hula of the Sandwich Islanders, the Siva of the Samoans, and a half dozen others.

A half hour from the time he set his foot in Beni Hassan two dancing girls issued from the house of the Gházeeh, dressed in shintyán and muslin tarah, anklets and bracelets, with gold coins about the forehead—and one was Dicky Donovan. He had done the rare thing: he had trusted absolutely that class of woman who is called a "rag" in that far country, and a "drab" in ours. But he was a judge of human nature, and judges of human nature know you are pretty safe to trust a woman who never trusts, no matter how bad she is, if she has no influence over you. He used to say that the better you are and the worse she is, the more you can trust her. Other men may talk, but Dicky Donovan knows.

What Dicky's aunt, the Dowager Lady Carmichael, would have said to have seen Dicky flaunting it in the clothes of a dancing-girl through the streets of the vile village of Beni Hassan, deponent saith not. None would have believed that his pink-and-white face and slim hands and appallingly white ankles could have been made to look so boldly handsome, so impeachable. But henna in itself seems to have certain qualities of viciousness in its brownish-red stain, and Dicky looked sufficiently abandoned. The risk was great, however, for his Arabic was not perfect, and he had to depend upon the Gházeeh's adroitness, on the peculiar advantage of being under the protection of the mistress of the house as large as the Omdah's.

From one café to another they went. Here a snake-charmer gathered a meagre crowd about him; there an 'A'l'meh, or singing-girl, lilted a ribald song; elsewhere hashish-smokers stretched out gaunt, loathsome fingers toward them; and a Shá'er recited the romance of Abou Zeyd. But Dicky noticed that none of the sheiks, none of the great men of the village, were at these cafés; only the very young, the useless, the licentious, or the decrepit. But by flickering fires under the palm-trees were groups of men talking and gesticulating; and now and then an Arab galloped through the street, the point of his long lance shining. Dicky felt a secret, like a troubled wind, stirring through the place; a movement not explainable by his own inner tremulousness.

At last they went to the largest café, beside the Mosque of Hoseyn. He saw the Sheik-el-beled sitting on a *mastaba*, and grouped round him, smoking the *narghila*, several sheiks and the young men of the village. Here he and the Gházeeh danced. Few noticed them; for which Dicky was thankful; and he risked discovery by coming nearer the circle. He could, however, catch little that they said, for they spoke in low tones, the Sheik-el-beled talking seldom, but smoking and listening meditatively.

The crowd around the café grew. Occasionally an Arab would throw back his head and cry, "*Allah hu Akbar!*" Another drew a sword and waved it in the air. At last one, more excited than the rest, jumped to his feet and said in a loud whisper, "Arabi—Arabi Pachá!" His fellows dragged him down again.

Dicky had got his cue. To him that whisper was as loud and clear as the "*Lá ilhá illallah!*" called from the top of a mosque. He understood Ibrahim the Orderly now, he guessed all: rebellion, anarchy, massacre. A hundred thoughts ran through his head; what was Ibrahim's particular part in the swaggering scheme was the first and the last of them.

Ibrahim answered for himself; for at that moment he entered the burning circle. A movement of applause ran round, then there was sudden silence. The dancing girls were bid to stop their dancing; were told to be gone. The Gházeeh spat at them in an assumed anger, and said that none but "swine of Beni Hassan" would send a woman away hungry. And because the dancing girl has power in the land, the Sheik-el-beled waved his hand toward the café, hastily calling the name of a favorite dish. Eyes turned swiftly but un-



DRAWN BY A. S. HARTICK

"ALLAH HU AKBAR!"

concernedly toward the brown clattering ankles of the two as they entered the café and seated themselves immediately behind where the Sheik-el-beled sat. Presently Dicky listened to as sombre a tale as ever was told in the darkest night. The voice of the teller was that of Ibrahim, and the story, that Arabi the Egyptian was to seize the citadel at Cairo, that the streets of Alexandria were to be swept free of Europeans, and that every English official between Cairo and Kordofan was to be slain! Mohammed Ibrahim, the spy, who knew English as well as Dicky Donovan knew Arabic, was to kill Fielding Bey with his own hand as he lay ill in the *Amenhotep* this very night!

This night was always associated in Dicky's mind with the memory of stewed camel's-meat. At Ibrahim's words he turned his head from the rank steam, and fingered his pistol in the loose folds of his Arab trousers. The dancing-girl saw the gesture and laid a hand upon his arm.

"Thou art one against a thousand," she whispered; "wait till thou art one against one!"

As he dipped his nose in the camel-stew—for some one poked a head in the door—every sense in him was alert, every instinct alive.

"To-night," said Mohammed Ibrahim, in the hoarse gutturals of the Bishareen, "it is ordered that Fielding Bey shall die—and by my hand, mine own, by the mercy of God! And after Fielding Bey the clean-faced ape that cast the evil eye upon me yesterday, and bade me die. 'An old man had three sons,' said he, the infidel dog! 'one was a thief, another a rogue, and the third a soldier—and the soldier died first.' 'A camel of Bagdad,' he called me. Into the belly of a dead camel shall he go, he sewn up like a cat's liver in a pudding, and be cast into the Nile before God gives to-morrow a sun!"

Dicky pushed away the camel-stew. "It is time to go, Little Egypt!" he said.

The Gházeeh rose with a laugh, caught Dicky by the hand, sprang out among the Arabs, and leaped over the head of the village barber, calling them all "useless, sodden graybeards, with no more blood than a Nile shad, poorer than monkeys, beggars of Beni Hassan!" Taking from her pocket a handful of quarter-piastres, she turned on her heels and tossed them among the Arabs with a contemptuous

laugh. Then she and Dicky disappeared into the night.

II

When Dicky left her house, clothed in his own garments once more, but the stains of henna still on his face and hands and ankles, he pressed into the Gházeeh's hand twenty gold pieces. She let them fall to the ground.

"Love is love, Effendi," she said. "Money do they give me for what is no love. She who gives freely for love takes naught in return but love, by the will of God!" And she laid a hand upon his arm.

"There is work to do!" said Dicky; and his hand dropped to where his pistol lay—but not to threaten her. He was thinking of others.

"To-morrow!" she said; "to-morrow for that, Effendi!" and her beautiful eyes hung upon his. "The field of love is as a field of corn, to be reaped—to-night!"

"There's corn in Egypt, but who knows who'll reap it to-morrow! And I shall be in Cairo to-morrow."

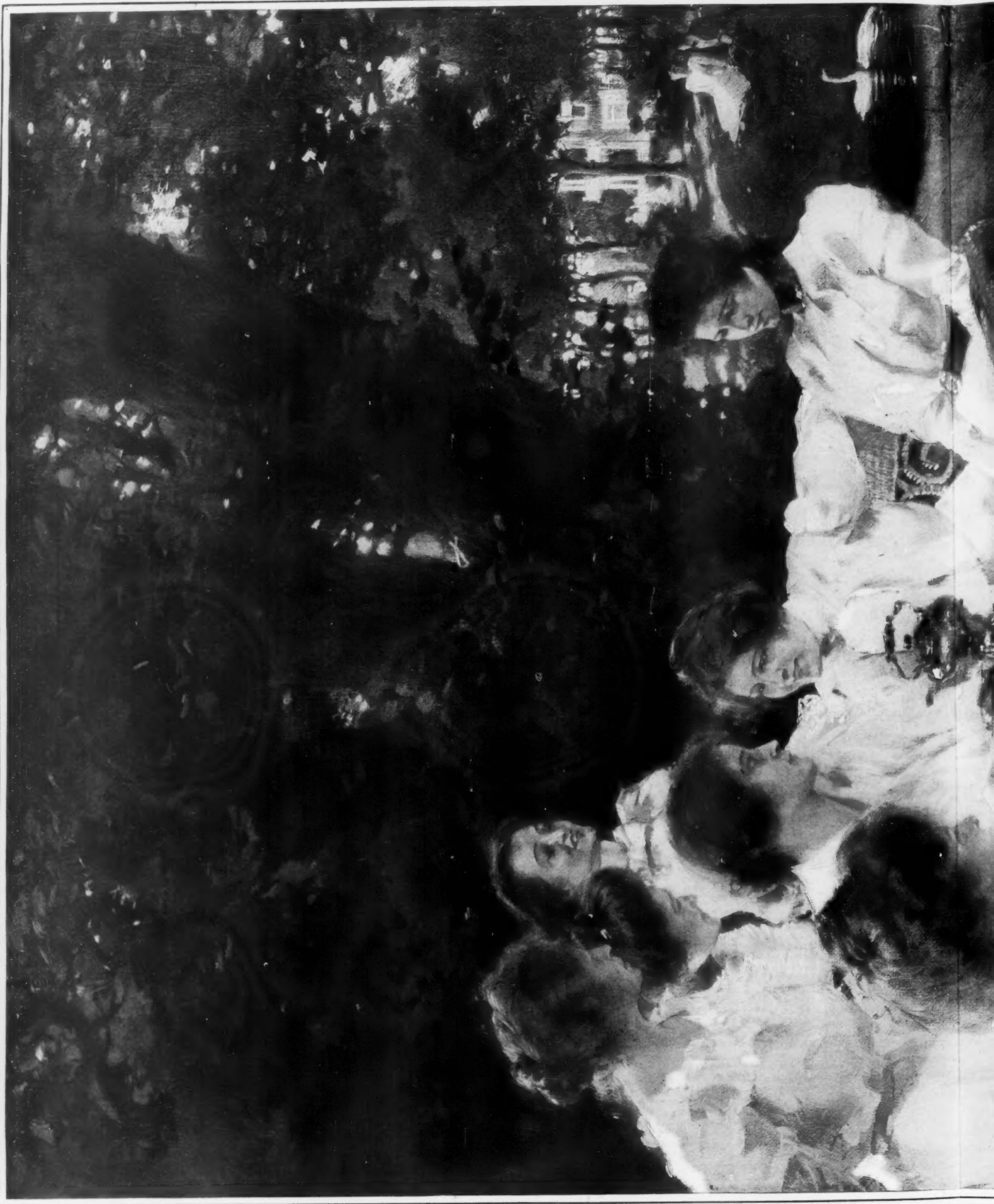
"I also shall be in Cairo to-morrow, O my lord and master!" she answered.

"God give you safe journey!" answered Dicky, for he knew it was useless to argue with a woman. He was wont to say that you can resolve all women into the same simple elements in the end.

Dicky gave a long perplexed whistle as he ran softly under the palms toward the *Amenhotep*, lounging on the mud bank. Then he dismissed the dancing-girl from his mind, for there was other work to do. How he should do it he planned as he opened the door of Fielding's cabin softly, and saw him in a deep sleep.

He was about to make haste on deck again, where his own nest was, when, glancing through the window, he saw Mohammed Ibrahim stealing down the bank to the boat's side. He softly drew to the little curtain of the cabin window, leaving only one small space through which the moonlight streamed. This ray of light fell just across the door through which Mohammed Ibrahim would enter. The cabin was a large one, the bed was in the middle. At the head was a curtain slung to protect the sleeper from the cold draughts of the night.

Dicky heard a soft footstep in the companionway, then before the door. He crept behind the curtain. Mohammed Ibrahim was listening without. Now the door opened very gently, for this careful Orderly had



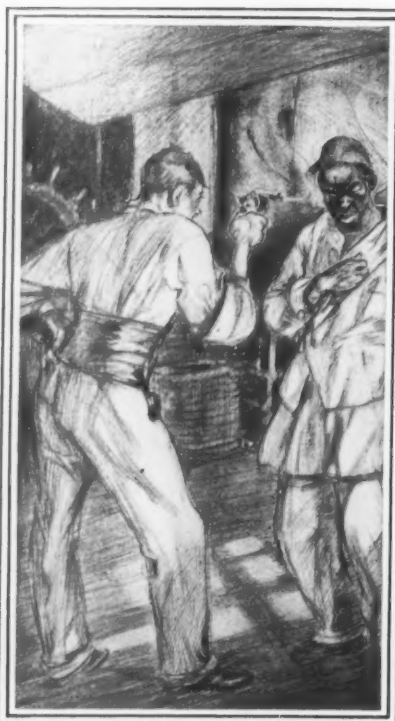


SUMMER GOSSIP

"In the green gleam of dewey-tassell'd trees:
What were those fancies?"

PAINTED FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY

JOHN T. COLE



"THE GAME IS WITH THE ENGLISH
ALL THE TIME," SAID DICKEY,
SOFTLY

oiled the hinges that very day. The long flabby face, with the venomous eyes, showed in the streak of moonlight. Mohammed Ibrahim slid inside, took a step forward and drew a long knife from his sleeve. Another move toward the sleeping man, and he was near the bed; another, and he was beside it, stooping over . . . !

Now, a cold pistol suddenly thrust in your face is disconcerting, no matter how well laid your plans. It was useless for the Orderly to raise his hand; a bullet is quicker than the muscles of the arm and the stroke of a knife.

The two stood silent an instant, the sleeping man peaceful between them. Dicky made a motion of his head toward the door. Mohammed Ibrahim turned. Dicky did not lower his pistol as the Orderly, obeying,

softly went as he had softly come. Out through the doorway, up the stairs, then upon the moonlit deck, the cold muzzle of the pistol at the head of Mohammed Ibrahim.

Dicky turned now and faced him, the pistol still pointed.

Then Mohammed Ibrahim spoke.

"*Mafesh!*" he said. That was contempt. It was Mohammedan resignation; it was the inevitable. "*Mafesh—no matter!*" he said again; and "no matter" was in good English.

Dicky's back was to the light, the Orderly's face in the full glow of it. Dicky was standing beside the wire communicating with the engineer's cabin. He reached out his hand and pulled the hook. The bell rang below. The two above stood silent, motionless, the pistol still levelled.

Holgate, the young Yorkshire engineer, imported by Tewfik Pacha, pulled himself up to the deck two steps of the ladder at a time.

"Yes, sir!" he said, coming forward quickly; but stopping short when he saw the levelled pistol.

"Drop the knife, Mohammed Ibrahim," said Dicky in a low voice.

Mohammed Ibrahim dropped the knife.

"Get it, Holgate," said Dicky; and Holgate stooped and picked it up. Then he told Holgate the story in a few words. The engineer's fingers tightened on the knife.

"Put it where it will be useful, Holgate," said Dicky. Holgate dropped it inside his belt.

"Full steam, and turn her nose to Cairo. No time to lose!" He had told Holgate earlier in the evening to keep up steam.

He could see a crowd slowly gathering under the palm trees between the shore and Beni Hassan. They were waiting for Mohammed Ibrahim's signal.

Holgate was below, the sailors were at the cables.

"Let go ropes, Holgate!" Dicky called.

A minute later the engine was quietly churning away below; two minutes later the ropes were drawn in; half a minute later still the nose of the *Amenhotep* moved in the water. She backed from the Nile mud, lunged free.

"An old man had three sons: one was a thief, another a rogue, and the worst of the three was a soldier—and he dies first! What have you got to say before you say your prayers?" said Dicky to the Orderly.

"*Mafesh!*" answered Mohammed Ibrahim, moveless. "*Mafesh—nothing!*" And he said "nothing" in good English.

"Say your prayers then, Mohammed Ibrahim," said Dicky in that voice like a girl's; and he backed a little till he rested a shoulder against the binnacle.

Mohammed Ibrahim turned slightly till his face was toward the east. The pistol now fell in range with his ear. The Orderly took off his shoes, and, standing with his face toward the moon, and toward Mecca, he murmured the *fatihah* from the Koran. Three times he bowed,

afterward he knelt and touched the deck with his forehead three times also. Then he stood up.

"Are you ready?" asked Dicky.

"Water!" answered Mohammed Ibrahim in English.

Dicky had forgotten that final act of devotion of the good Mohammedan. There was a filter of Nile water near. He had heard it go drip—drip, drip—drip, as Mohammed Ibrahim prayed.

"Drink," he said, and pointed with his finger.

Mohammed Ibrahim took the little tin cup hanging by the tap, half filled it, drank it off, and noiselessly put the cup back again. Then he stood with his face toward the pistol.

"The game is with the English all the time," said Dicky softly.

"*Mafesh!*" said Mohammed.

"Jump," said Dicky.

One instant's pause, and then without a sound Ibrahim sprang out over the railing into the hard-running current, and struck out for the shore.

The *Amenhotep* passed him. He was in the grasp of a whirlpool so strong that it twisted the *Amenhotep* in her course.

His head spun round like a water-fly, and out of the range of Dicky's pistol he called "Allah!"

A fierce shriek of despair and rage, as the crowd from Beni Hassan burst from the palm-trees and rushed down to the banks with cries of rage, murder, and death; for now they saw him fighting for his life.

But the *Amenhotep's* nose was toward Cairo, and steam was full on, and she was going fast. Holgate below had his men within range of a pistol too. Dicky looked back at the hopeless fight as long as he could see.

Down in his cabin Fielding Bey slept peacefully, and dreamed of a woman in Cairo, the widow of Henschaw of the Buffs.

THE END



DRAWN BY A. S. BARTICK

"IBRAHIM, BROTHER OF SCORPIONS, I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU ENGLISH!"



THE TRANSPORT "SHERIDAN"

THE CRUISER "PHILADELPHIA"

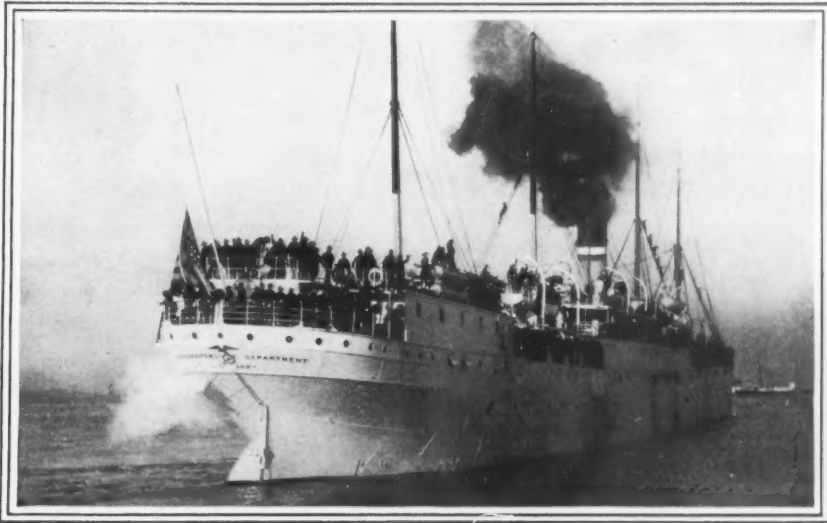
TROOPS FOR THE PHILIPPINES

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 25, 1899

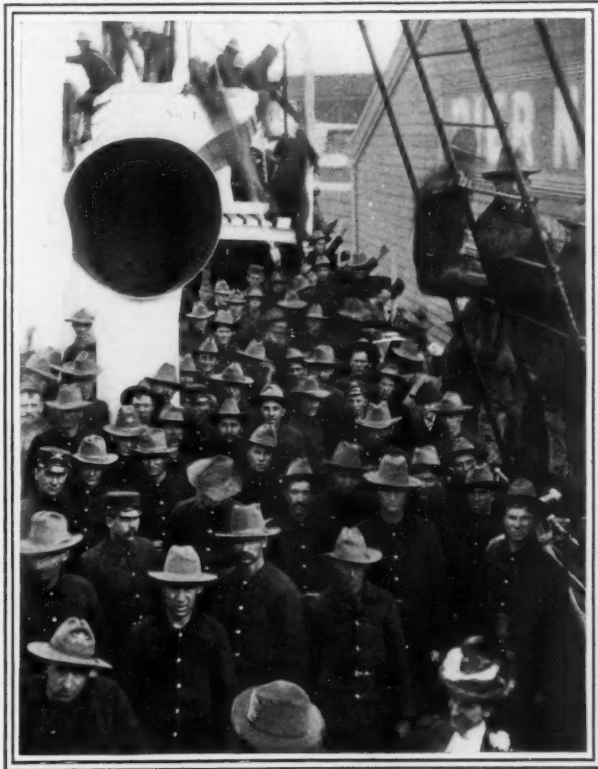
A WARM DRIZZLE in the morning and a cloudy afternoon marked June 24, the day of the Sheridan's departure. The transport was scheduled to leave at four in the afternoon, but by three a crowd was squeezing in through the narrow entrance of the transport dock, presenting permits to the watchful eye of a vigilant guard. An excluded throng—dismally dun-colored in the dimly dun-colored afternoon—hung about the gateway, ruefully watching the lucky holders of permits as they were absorbed into the moving mass on the wharf.

Here the pressure of spectators was met by the pressure of waiting soldiers. The Sheridan carried 1,814 men, two companies of the Fourteenth Infantry, a detachment of the Fourth Cavalry, 43 men of the Signal Corps, a company of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, and recruits for various organizations in the Philippines to the number of 1,275. These were all on the wharf by three, grouped in companies, lying resting on their rolled blankets, sitting on stacks of boards or piled-up sacks, as they took a last meal on shore.

Their soft felt hats made a bobbing gray forest out to the end of the pier. There the great white flank of the Sheridan filled up the opening in the wall, and there the crowd of visitors congested at the foot of the gangway. A single stream, detaching itself from the mass, ran up the gangway and dropped down into the shadows



TRANSPORT "SHERIDAN" LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO FOR MANILA, JUNE 24



RECRUITS ON THE "SHERIDAN"

of the Sheridan's inside. Edging out onto the ledge that runs along the pier outside the shed, one came against the side of the vessel, seeming to tower up to a tremendous height, and fringed with the blue of the United States troops. Soldiers were squatting on every projection and edge, leaning over railings, hanging from ropes, and dotting up the shrouds. A ceaseless stream of badinage poured from them onto the visitors below. Two girls in shirt-waists and sailor-hats, a young Jew with an unmistakable nose, a boy who tossed popcorn up to them, were in turn the objects of their attentions, which took the form of personal remarks, roared out with deafening noise.

On board an atmosphere of feverish gaiety and excitement prevailed. People tumbled over each other and tumbled over soldiers. Visitors fell down sudden stairways onto clumps of soldiers, and over steps in dark corners onto the backs of soldiers, and out of unexpected doorways into the arms of soldiers. But everybody laughed, no matter what the mishap was. Even the young recruits, who were saying good-by to tearful girls under the eyes of a thoroughly interested public, seemed to bear it with much more fortitude than the occasion war-

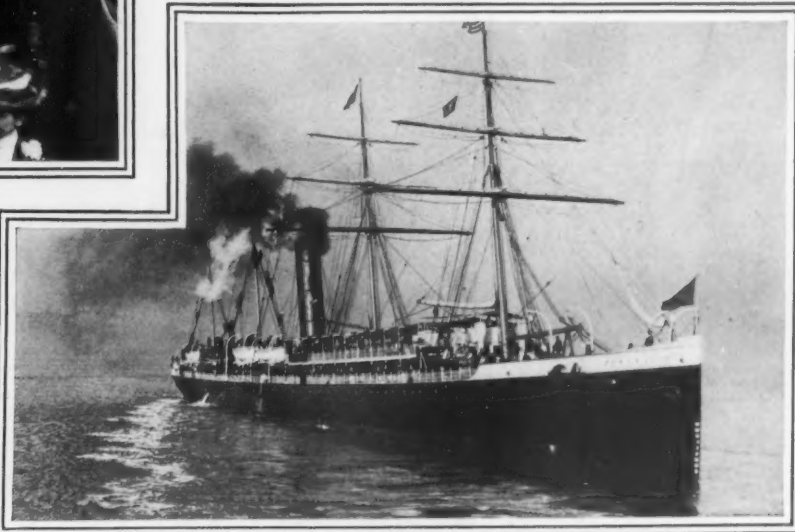
ranted. With their hands full of candy-boxes and flowers, they stood staring about, having hard work to keep their faces set in the proper lugubrious lines. It seemed like the beginning of a great picnic, to which these numberless men, most of them youths, were going with laughter and jest, gayly and gallantly, as men go to a feast.

From stem to stern the transport was as clean as a newly washed china cup, as fresh as air and sun could make her. From her soldiers' quarters, lined with three tiers of new canvas berths, to her officers' staterooms, fleckless in white paint and enamel ware washstands, she was trim and spotless. There did not seem to be a hole or corner of her into which the crowd did not penetrate. They peered into the officers' staterooms and climbed up and down ladders to and from dark places in the bowels of the ship. They stood in a gazing circle round General Shafter, who sat in a deck chair, gasping after his pull up a perpendicular stairway, and followed General S. B. Young, the ranking officer of the expedition, as he piloted a party of inspecting ladies and gentlemen through the highways and byways of the transport.

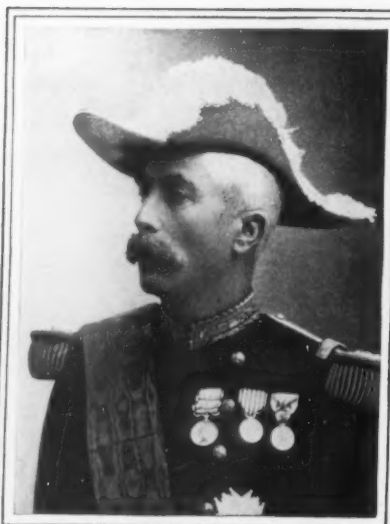
As the hour drew on toward four the troops gathered on the wharf were marshalled into line, and in single file ascended the gangway. The recruits on deck turned from their sport of gazing the crowd and greeted the advancing column, whose steady tramp shook the pier, with wild howls of welcome. The din was deafening, the shouts of the men above provoking answering roars from the men below. Through the thunder, jokes shouted in every key went hurtling back and forth, and shrill shrieks of personal recognition rent the air.

Enthusiasm reached its height when a small body of the Twenty-fourth Infantry ascended the gangway. They were in full kaki uniform, the column headed by a sergeant of magnificent proportions, carrying beside his regular accoutrements a handful of new brooms. With an even tread, upright, their dark faces expressionless, their figures instinct with the pride of their reputation and their regiment, they swung into line. The two wings of the crowd fell back, and the sergeant with his brooms mounted the gangway. As the eyes of the soldiers above fell on them, a roar, loud and steady as the sound from one gigantic throat, burst from the decks and rolled away, reverberating down the wharf's length. The dignity of the negro, a thing hard to shake, trembled, wavered, and gave way. A grin, broad and uncontrollable, flashed down the line of dark faces, and an answering howl of welcome followed it.

GERALDINE BONNER.



TRANSPORT "ZEALANDIA" LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO FOR MANILA, JUNE 23, WITH FOUR COMPANIES OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH INFANTRY (COLORED) AND A DETACHMENT OF WHITE RECRUITS



GENERAL MARQUIS DE GALLIFET
NEW FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR

Opposition is certainly falsifying those prophecies of "incompetence" with which certain foes beset him at the beginning of his new career. He has already shown himself not only an able speaker, but one wise, witty and brave.

The much-belauded Anglo-American "alliance" has not yet taken a distinctively social form. Only yesterday I heard a typical London man-about-town speak with vehemence concerning the "great vulgarity" of two American ladies resident here and supposedly much in the fashionable movement. "One of these," he declared, had not been among the guests of a great ball given recently by the Duchess of Sutherland at her splendid home in St. James's. "There are two London houses," the gentleman continued, "into which money cannot buy an entrance. One is Stafford House, and the other is Grosvenor House. The Dukes of Sutherland and Westminster both have as much money as they want, and hence can afford to be rigidly particular." I could not help wondering why the Duke of Buccleuch could not afford to be equally particular with respect to entertainments given at his magnificent marble mansion in Whitehall, but I said nothing on this subject. Presently we spoke of the London clubs. My friend, it soon became evident to me, thought the very modish ones alone worth joining. This amused me, as I have always found a very modish club, in whatever land or town located, apt to be an exceedingly dull place. Perhaps with more mischievous curiosity than real desire for information I here inquired: "Are there any Americans in 'White's'?" You should have seen the look of amazement I received; you should have seen the gesture of deprecation that went with it; you should also have heard the explosive and incisive—"Oh, no, no!"

EDGAR FAWCETT.



M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU
NEW FRENCH MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, JUNE 28, 1899

THAT GRAY little lady, Charity, never finds her career more handsomely bettered than when Fashion meets her with a merry handshake where she walks demure. "Bless me!" says Fashion; "you look all very meek and sweet, you dear; but you lack color, and those stars in your eyes are too like diamondized tears. Come along with me for a day or two of outing, and I'll put some roses in your hat, and some ribbons on your frock, and some laces at your bosom, and give you a pair of scarlet or purple shoes. And I'll change that plain wicker basket you will carry into one of the choicest gilded pattern, and when you hold it forth to the crowds they'll fill it with gifts right speedily; for you shall dance and smile as I do, and not pull long faces and drop formal little courtesies. Come." And Charity hears and heeds the voice of Fashion, just as she did the other day at Albert Hall. Result: the Grand Charity-Cross Hospital Bazaar, at which royalty, for two days and nights, was almost in constant evidence, where some of the loveliest and smartest women in England presided at the various booths, and where an enormous sum of money, keenly needed by the institution, was reaped. Numerous women of American birth gave active assistance. The young Duchess of Marlborough, and Lily, also Duchess of Marlborough, being among these, besides Mrs. Arthur Paget (formerly Miss Minnie Stevens of New York), Mrs. MacKay, and Mrs. Ronalds. At the Irish, Scottish, Danish, Indian, Egyptian, American, and heaven knows how many other stalls, not only a marked amount of feminine charm was visible, but a bewildering display of fantasy, artistry and taste in the way of feminine attire. Doubtless my readers have already heard of the exquisite floral temple in white and gold, as also of the American Bar, where several young English swells, headed by the Duke of Manchester, made cocktails, eye-openers, juleps and John Collinses, garbed in snowy jackets and aprons.

While the Transvaal question hangs fire, other political matters likewise drowse inert. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman started the repose of the House last week, however, by a short but very pungent speech. It concerned the clergyman's relief bill, which proposes eighty-seven thousand pounds for the benefit of needy parsons, belonging, of course, to the Established Church. As we all know, the taxes imposed upon rectors and vicars are sometimes very large in proportion to the emoluments from their "livings," this naturally happening through vast increase in the value of those ecclesiastic lands which King Henry VIII. took from the Roman Catholic Church and gave to the Reformed Church when he made it a property of the Crown. But Sir Henry, a fierce Nonconformist, like so many of the Liberals who surround him, denounced, with biting acerbity, the effort of his parliamentary opponent. "You say," he protested, "that some of your clergy are too poor to live properly. I believe that they are, but they belong to the richest church in Christendom. Why don't you pay them? There is not a free and independent church in this land so poor and so mean but that it would scorn to come whining to Parliament for assistance in this way." I am told that Sir Henry's constituents hailed these, and statements of an equally courageous kind, with roars of laughter and shouts of approval. The new Leader of the

THE RETURN OF DREYFUS

PARIS, JULY 6, 1899

IF ONE MAY JUDGE by the tone of some of the French newspapers the great question of the day is not "Will Dreyfus be acquitted?" but "Who saw him land?" If the controversy continues much longer I imagine this question will pass into tradition along with some others—as, for instance: "Who killed Cock Robin?" or "Who struck Billy Patterson?" Inasmuch as the writer was one of the journalistic swarm who flitted around Brest, St. Malo and Rennes, in the hope of being favored by fortune in the attainment of what was destined to be one of the biggest "beats" of the age, he may be pardoned for indulging in a little shop talk on the subject.

The game of hide-and-seek, or whatever else one may call it (perhaps catch-as-catch-can would be the more appropriate expression), between the government and the two or three hundred newspaper men of all nationalities was certainly as pretty a one as could be wished for.

Waldeck-Rousseau had sworn that Dreyfus should reach his cell at Rennes unperceived by any outsider, and in order to throw the journalists off the scent a hundred and one little devices were resorted to by the police agents and gendarmes, acting under the orders of the secret police director, Vignié, and his assistant, Hénon. False reports were constantly disseminated as to the probable point of Dreyfus's landing, bogus "tips" were mysteriously imparted to the correspondents at Brest, St. Malo, and other points, sudden movements of gendarmes were ordered in the one direction or the other, save the right one, of course; and, in short, for lying and deception the government

officials fairly beat the record, from Ananias down to Eli Perkins.

As regards myself and camera—we are inseparable—I early decided that it would be waste of time to seek for the probable landing-place. Even if discovered it would be of no use to me for photographic purposes, seeing that the captain was to be taken ashore during the night. Different was the case with my friend, Arthur Lynch, of the "Chicago Record." To him it was of paramount importance to be present in the flesh at the very moment of Dreyfus's arrival, so that he might flash the news over the broad Atlantic ahead of all his competitors. After remaining ten days at Brest, watching the ocean in company with several score correspondents from every corner of the earth, Lynch, it appears, received a "tip" from a friend in Paris. It might have been a misleading one offered in good faith, or it might have been based on accurate information. There was no means of verifying its accuracy. The "tip" was that several specially confidential agents of the government had been seen prowling around the Quiberon promontory. Lynch took the map, measured the distance from Quiberon to Rennes, informed himself as to means of communication between the two points, and finally resolved to take his chances and start for the former place. He arrived at Port Holguen at four o'clock on the afternoon of June 30. Almost the first person he met there was Emile Massard, manager of the newspaper "La Patrie," with an assistant named Baumier. This settled the question in Lynch's mind, for he knew Massard to be in close touch with certain functionaries of the War Department, and it was evident that this gentleman had been quietly posted as to the situation, and was expecting to cull the great "beat" all by himself. Our American friend's conclusions were not erroneous. He hung around the "diggings" until nightfall, and in the pelting rain at

that, and then saw, to his satisfaction, the arrival of Director Vignié, of numerous gendarmes, and of a company of infantry. And thus, when Dreyfus did arrive, in the wee sma' hours, there were just three journalists in the crowd of functionaries and soldiers who met him at the landing; to wit, Massard and Baumier of "La Patrie," and Lynch, the Irishman, who represented the American press.

This is the true story of the big Dreyfus "beat," gathered not alone from the interested parties, but from Messrs. Vignié and Hénon. All of which has not prevented at least four other reporters and artists from claiming a share of the credit of being on the right spot at the right time and of making the welkin ring with these claims. "But," as M. Vignié remarked, "if all these gentlemen were present, how is it that not a soul among us caught a glimpse of them? They must have been in a balloon overhead, and, as it was a dark night, they escaped our notice."

As to the writer of these lines, who was waiting for the famous prisoner in front of the railway station at Rennes, for once he was disappointed with regard to the use of his camera. It was barely six o'clock in the morning when Dreyfus appeared, and the skies were heavily overcast. Thus was I obliged to content myself with a fleeting ocular impression of the occupant of the landau driving at full tilt toward the military jail, and it is this impression, supplemented by information obtained from Massard and Lynch, which has served as a basis for the pen-and-ink sketch accompanying this article.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.



HOW DREYFUS ENTERED RENNES
DRAWN FROM LIFE, BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF, JULY 1

A CHAT WITH MADAME DREYFUS

RENNES, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28.—I chanced to see Mathieu Dreyfus, brother of the captain, buy a ticket to Chartres. I inferred he was going there to meet the westbound express, and, probably, his sister-in-law. So I went as far as Versailles, as there was ample time. There M. Havet, who accompanied Madame Dreyfus, offered me a place in the compartment. I rode back with them as far as Chartres.

Mrs. Dreyfus is in deep mourning. She has worn black since her husband was sentenced. She is a rather good-looking Jewess, who might be thirty or thereabout. Quite the wife of an awful tragedy, too—dark, serious, brave, without tears or show of sentimentality—a rather stern figure of justice.

I learn from her that her two children—a boy of eight and a girl of six—have been kept in absolute ignorance of the whole drama. They believe their father to be away on a government mission. During the new trial they will remain at the country house of Mrs. Dreyfus's sister.

Madame Dreyfus is apparently not made nervous by the prospect of meeting her husband soon. She is of a very calm disposition, and masters her emotion very well. She says:

"Sometimes it flashes through me that perhaps this is not the end, that there will be some more juggling, that they will sentence him once more—and the thought is disheartening. Will he be made to suffer again? Must we do all that work over?"

Do it all over? The courage of that sentence! And you felt, too, as she spoke, that the woman would bravely struggle on, five years, ten years, never give up until she released him.

At 6:50 P. M. the express arrived at Rennes with policemen, soldiers, some high officials from Paris, and perhaps three or four hundred people, counting in the newspaper representatives. Madame Dreyfus and her relative pass through the crowd amid profound silence. One of the Paris officials opens the station door. All hats are off. A single hiss, and the man is made to run by those near him.

As she cannot secure accommodations in any of the hotels here Madame Dreyfus will stay at the house put at her disposal by Madame Godard, an old lady and a complete stranger. Madame Godard is receiving daily hundreds of threatening letters in consequence of her generous action. Yet this is the end of the nineteenth century. We are in France, not in the centre of China.

Madame Dreyfus will be allowed to see her husband as soon as he arrives, all talk to the contrary notwithstanding.

And now we are off again, some sixty of us; off to Brest, to watch for the Sfax. When it finally gets there, the chances are we shall be barely allowed to get within three miles of Dreyfus, but editors have curious devices.

HENRI DUMAY.

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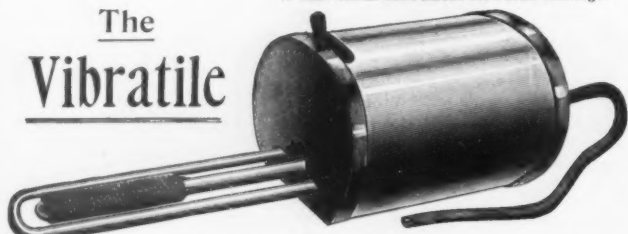
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PAULA

IN NEW ORLEANS, Paula, the fruit dealer, ranked but as one among many; so he moved to Pensacola. Here his politeness to customers, whether they purchased or not, his not generous but just honesty, and his practice of selling only good fruit made him conspicuous and popular.

The month was May: hot, yellow and glaring; the sunlight shone on the street; no shade-trees offered cool oases of shadow; only a few stunted palmettos stood sallow and heat-scorched. Vivid-plumaged parrots swung on their perches before the shop-doors, and, noisome and meddling, everywhere darted gay-feathered parakeets. Far back in the gloom of his store, among the mellow fruit and the fragrant spice, sat Paula, watching the throngs of French, Spanish, Italians and negroes shift past his door.

"I getta their money and go back," ran his thoughts. "I digga up Tessie and taka her back—p'raps." He hesitated. The marble arch, lengthily inscribed with his dead wife's virtues, would be expensive to remove to New Orleans. "No, I letta her stay," he concluded. "But I taka Nanna. Nanna grow fast, but the money comma quick too. They thinka to marry Nanna; but no shoppa shall my Nanna marry. Already have I gotta two bags of gold. Nanna shall have a doctor or a lawyer—p'raps."

Paula felt drowsy. He tilted his chair and settled his head comfortably against a post. He knew his parrot would wake him if there happened in a customer.

"Paula has been honest and not cheata by selling bad fruit," he murmured. "And therefore the Lord letta Paula prosper."

Suddenly to Paula's nostrils was wafted, not the odor of the fruit nor the aroma of the spice, but the sickly scent that steals from the white waxen flowers which are placed on the coffers of the dead.

"Owche!" shuddered Paula. "Notta since Tessie have died have I smella the like."

From the direction where, motionless and heat-whitened glared the Gulf, he saw approaching a funeral. Like a trail of black blood, toward him, inch by inch, slowly it crawled. The plumes on the hearse were like furred blue-black ravens. And the methodic beat on the ground of the horses' hoofs thudded like the tramp, tramp of a regiment marching even into the valley of death.

"I lika it not," muttered Paula.

The parakeets' chatter ceased; croaking filled the air. No longer sunlight burned and cracked the street; on it lay shadow thick like plush, but black and lustreless as crepe.

"I hata the color black," murmured Paula.

"It was made by the devil."

Before his door passed and repassed the holy father—he who constantly, alternately besought and demanded a tithe of Paula's gold to be expended in good works for the Lord.

"But I giva him notta one cent," smiled Paula. "I getta square with the Lord bya honesty, and not tella of the lie about fruit."

Finally the holy father paused. Sadly he asked: "Have you no time to spare from the selling of fruit and the counting of money, Paula, to come to your daughter's funeral?" "Nanna dead!" Life seemed to ebb from Paula. In anguish, tossing his arms, he sprang to his feet. He struck his head against something which gave way and fell with soft peltings and sounds like the squashings of ripe fruit.

"Naughty, clumsy, great-one!" exclaimed a saucy, scolding voice. "He grows so rich he can waste his fruit. He grows so lazy that he sleeps—in daytime!"

Paula stood rubbing his eyes, gazing upon the sunny spoil of bananas at his feet, and at Nanna, who, school-books under her arm, came toward him from the bright, lively street.

"It was the dream," he thought. He pinched Nanna's round cheeks and smiled. But, besides honesty, Paula prided himself on possessing cleverness. So he accepted the dream as a warning. "Paula thinka he wasa square," he nodded; "but the Lord wanta of the worldly goods also." He smoothed his hands and laughed as if it was a great joke—this desire of the Lord for something that was of the earth earthy. And, though slightly, his respect decreased for this supreme being to whom night and morning he told his beads. In him he had discovered a human quality.

"The holy father comma not much of late?" he said.

"No, great-one," sighingly answered Nanna. "He getta no money; he thinka no use?"

"Yes, great-one."

Again Paula pinched her cheeks. "How mucha the money the good book say shoulda go to the Lord?"

"One-tenth of all you make, great-one."

"Ten centa on dollar? Too much!" Paula grinned. "All Paula getta for interest on good dollar is three centa. Three centa all Paula can give. Sometimes four centa—p'raps."

Paula knew how much he was worth—exactly. He went to his change-drawer and carefully measured out a quantity of gold and silver pieces. These he gave to Nanna.

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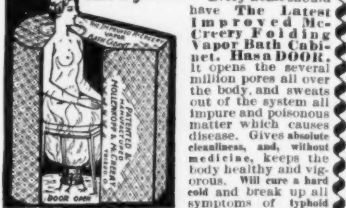


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"When the noly father comma next," he said, "giva him that."

"I lova notta the money," he said to himself. "I lova Nanna. It isa for her I maka the money. But the Lord'll notta have her die now. I maka the money and taka her back where she wassa born. I buya the doctor or lawyer—p'r'aps." He commenced to pick up the bananas. "I can maka the money, and what I lika I can do now." He felt happy, satisfied, and secure. "The Lord letta Paula prosper, and now Paula gotta square with the Lord."

ARTHUR CARMICHAEL

VETERANS OF TWO WARS

A SHORT WHILE AGO the War Department issued a roster of the only fourteen surviving officers on the active list in the service who entered the army at the opening of the Civil War and served throughout that struggle, after which they served with credit through the Spanish War, their continuous service from April 11, 1861, to April 11, 1899, being just thirty-eight years.

The fourteen officers named were Major-General Wesley Merritt, Brigadier-Generals John M. Wilson and Asa B. Carey, and Colonels Charles H. Alden, Charles C. Byrne, Abraham K. Arnold, Royal T. Frank, Henry M. Robert, Frank L. Guenther, James M. Whittemore, Alfred T. Smith, Robert H. Hall, Alexander C. M. Pennington and John F. P. Baker.

Needless to state, the War Department in this roster took no account of the distinguished army officers, such as Generals Joseph Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee, who served through both wars, fighting first against and then for the Stars and Stripes. Nevertheless, they will not be forgotten. Less obvious are the reasons for the omission of those distinguished soldiers who entered the Civil War as enlisted men, winning their steps from battlefield to battlefield, and of the still larger category of officers who found themselves in the service of the United States as cadets at the opening of the Civil War.

It is ordinarily thought that a man who has risen from the ranks to be a general officer in the army is entitled to rather more respect than the man who had the good luck to begin higher up, with the first, most difficult steps behind him. So, too, it is generally assumed that the West Point cadet to all intents and purposes is an officer of the United States army the moment he becomes a member of the academy. He draws pay from the government immediately after his appointment to the academy, and is subject to army orders like any active officer. In the language of the service, his graduation from West Point is always referred to as his promotion. There seems to be no valid reason, therefore, why men serving in the academy at the outbreak of the Civil War should have been omitted from this particular roster. Among the officers who should have been included in this class are Major-General Thomas M. Anderson, and likewise Brigadier-Generals Andrew S. Burt and Edgar R. Kellogg; Colonel George M. Randall of the Eighth Infantry, Colonel Edward P. Pearson of the Tenth Infantry, Colonel Snyder of the Nineteenth Infantry, and Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace F. Randolph of the Third Artillery.

Besides these distinguished veterans there are many others, no less distinguished, who practically served through the whole of the Civil War, although their entrance into the service dates from the latter part of April and early May, 1861. Among these are Major-General Brooke, who began his military career on April 20, 1861, as a captain of Pennsylvania volunteers; General Lawton, who enlisted in the Ninth Indiana on April 18, 1861; Generals Guy V. Henry and Hasbrouck, who both entered the service on May 6, 1861; and Generals Sanger and Sternberg, each of whom has seen continuous service in the army since the latter part of May, 1861.

As a matter of fact, there were in all no less than four hundred and fifty-seven officers in the United States army who served through the greater part of both wars. Counting those officers who cast their lot with the Southern cause, the grand total was nearly six hundred. Since then this total has sunk to three hundred and fifty, and it is now estimated that the last veteran of the Civil War will have disappeared from the active list of the regular army within four years.

If a similar report should be published by the War Department concerning the new-fledged veterans of the Spanish-American war who are helping to quell Aguinaldo's insurrection in the Philippines, it would prove a long roster. In addition to those who were first despatched to the Philippine Islands to make war upon Spain, there are all those men of the Western volunteer regiments who, though enlisted for the Spanish-American war, did not see active service until the exigencies of the situation compelled them to make war upon the life-long enemies of Spain. Now the list is being swelled by all those who have recently re-enlisted for just this service.

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GOLF FOR WOMEN

NOW THAT THE excitement of the men's amateur championship is over, golfers are looking forward to the women's tournament at Philadelphia with renewed interest. Although there will be no Scottish champion to overcome, there will be the usual speculation regarding the possibility of some one reaching the high standard set by Miss Hoyt. That fortunate and skilful young woman has, so far, had everything her own way, but every year is capable of bringing out some hitherto unknown player who may prove worthy of the highest. The selection of the Philadelphia course was a particularly happy one. Accessibility for women, even more than men, was one of the main objects to be considered, for such a tournament is nothing if it loses its cosmopolitan character. The Philadelphians are noted for their enthusiasm, and are likely to make things move with the snap and go so necessary to the successful carrying out of the plans made by the association.

There have been but few events for women of any but local importance this season, the most notable exception being the open tournament held at Lakewood in the early spring. It could hardly be called a truly representative gathering, as comparatively few of the sixteen who qualified in the amateur championship competed. Powelton made a fine showing, but the highest honor was won by Miss Ruth Underhill, and deservedly, for her golf is really excellent. She plays a strong game through the green, and uses good judgment, but perhaps her most marked characteristic is her dogged determination when in difficulty and her power of playing an up-hill game. As an example of this quality, in the championship at Ardsley last year Miss Boardman was dormie either four or five, yet Miss Underhill won the match on the nineteenth green.

The Philadelphia women will undoubtedly make a splendid record for themselves in October. With such players as Miss Burt, Miss Griscome, Miss Cassett, and Mrs. Patterson, as well as a host of others whose names are equally familiar, there should be four or five at least in the qualifying sixteen, for it is to be hoped that sixteen will qualify, as they did last year, instead of eight. Miss Cassett is the present Philadelphia champion; Miss Griscome has twice won fourth place in the national event, and Miss Burt won second place in the qualifying medal round. Shinnecock, however, has a dangerously long list, while Morristown has an equally formidable gathering of cracks. Miss Helen Shelton should be heard from this year in the front rank. She was badly off her game last autumn, but that is a calamity which falls alike upon the best and the worst of players. Ardsley has two representatives second to none in Miss Eidlitz, who won third place last year, and Mrs. A. De Witt Cochrane, the present local champion. The latter is decidedly on her game, and Miss Eidlitz is steadily developing the magnificent golfing material which she so fortunately possesses. It is a matter of regret to Ardsley that Miss Eunice Terry has not as yet entered to represent her club in the championship, but, as she is playing more than usual at Shinnecock this year, it is to be hoped that she may enter in the autumn and take the place her game deserves.

It would be interesting to have Mrs. Butler Duncan meet Miss Hoyt in an open championship. They have met several times at small gatherings, like at Knowlwood two years ago, but never in a steady, long-sustained contest. Mrs. Butler Duncan's game is unquestionably fine, but how fine is a point critics would like to determine.

The changes in the qualifying sixteen this year are likely to be kaleidoscopic—not so much on account of unsustained excellence as the unwillingness of a great many women to go twice through the experience of a great public championship. Every one who plays at all well wishes to join in the national event once, but few find sufficient courage to enter twice. It is to be hoped that this year will prove the exception to the rule.

It has become quite a fad among golfers to take a little run across the Atlantic and play over two or three of the famous courses in England and Scotland. The advantages to be gained by such an experience are very great, and it is a pity that some of our women golfers did not get over to see the championship in Ireland this season. So far, Miss Hoyt has been our only standard of comparison, and it is quite generally known that her game would not be considered remarkable among the fair Britishers. That she is in a class by herself in this country is unquestionably true, but it would be an immense stimulus to the attainment of a high standard of play if more women could be brought to believe that anything second to such form is really not deserving of championship honors.

THE WORLD'S TEA AND COFFEE DRINKERS

THE ANNUAL consumption of the more violently stimulating beverages by the principal nations has often been computed. According to very recent statistics, more wine is drunk by the individual Spaniard than by any other European. The average Spaniard drinks seventy times as much wine as the average American, although we are not at liberty to conclude from that fact that fewer Spaniards walk home straight at night than Americans. There is another class of stimulant, however, which is rarely taken into account in these general estimates. It is true that the fluids in question are not alcoholic, and therefore can scarcely be ranked among the intoxicants. Nevertheless, tea and coffee, the beverages of which we would speak, are decided nerve stimulants.

James Anthony Froude, the historian, states that in Australia men are to be seen in a state closely resembling tipsiness, resulting from too copious libations of tea. If Froude's testimony be accepted, the ancient adage about the cup that cheers but does not inebriate is somewhat shaken. But if intoxication could actually be the consequence of a too free indulgence in tea, then Australia would certainly be the scene. And England, too, we might say; for the Britons and Australians stand at the head of the list of the world's tea-drinkers. In these countries, the aggregate amount of tea annually used by each inhabitant comes to about five pounds and a half. None of the other nations come near this figure. The next competitors in the tea-drinking business are also speakers of English. The Canadian and the resident of the United States every year respectively boils four pounds, or a trifle over, of the herb. We are always accustomed to think and speak of the Russian as an inveterate tea-drinker. We can scarcely imagine a table in a Russian room without a steaming samovar upon it, and cups around it waiting to be filled. Probably we have derived this notion from the novels we have read by Tolstoy, Turgenieff, and Dostoevsky. The fact seems to be that, while tea is in Russia a fashionable beverage, and pretty universally drunk by the comfortably situated urban classes, the poorer people in the towns and the peasants are either very moderate in their use of tea, or else unfamiliar with it. In Russia the yearly consumption of tea is little more than half a pound per head of the population.

The tallest coffee pots flourish in Holland. The Dutchman, we find, uses up no less than twenty-three pounds of the bean in the course of a year. This surprising quantity has its explanation, no doubt, in the free importation of the finest coffee in the world into Holland from her own colony of Java. Belgium, though she absorbs less than half the coffee that her neighbor does, relatively to population, yet heads the remaining countries. Next in order come the United States, Switzerland, Germany. The consumption of coffee then takes a steep drop. The Spaniards, those great wine-bibbers, only require half a pound a year each, while the Russian contents himself with a fifth of a pound.

"Broad rumor" may take us far afield from fact. For our friends who have returned from their European tour sing aloud the praises of the delicious coffee they drank in Vienna, while others declare that you must go to Paris for a really excellent cup of coffee. So the impression is made that Austria and France are two of the greatest coffee consuming countries.



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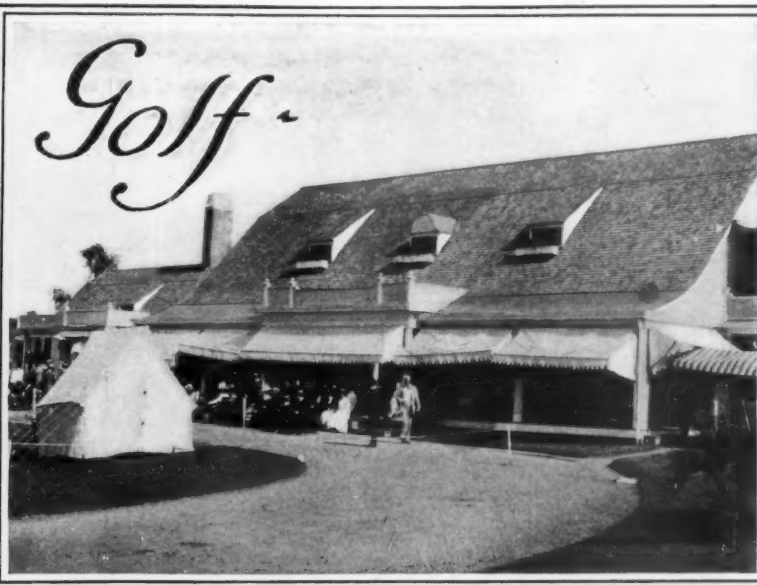
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THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES

THE result of the amateur championship in Chicago is one that cannot fail to please all lovers of progress; but, at the same time, it may be easily a matter of personal regret, many believing that Douglas is in reality the best representative of the best golf in this country. One thing is certain, we have succeeded in developing a class of American players who are equal to the best of Scottish amateurs, and that is something of which we may be justly proud. Harriman's success is the more significant, as he defeated not only Douglas, but McDonald, and not only McDonald, but Douglas. Accident could not possibly have been a factor in both matches. The most decisive element in Harriman's success was his wonderful steadiness and almost perfect short game. His long game is more than usually good also, although Douglas clearly outdrives and outbrassies him. Harriman, on the whole, is about the most evenly developed of any of our golfers, either native or foreign. Douglas played superbly throughout the whole tournament, with perhaps the exception of his first round with Harriman, when his putting lost him the match. No better exhibition of nerve and hard work was ever seen than the way Douglas in the afternoon lowered the almost hopeless lead Harriman won from him in the morning.

The most perfect sportsmanship was shown by both men, and while many may regret the defeat of a great golfer, there can be no doubt that the success of an American born will give an immense impetus to the American game.



HERBERT M. HARRIMAN
(AMATEUR CHAMPION OF AMERICA)

It was interesting to see how the different elements adjusted themselves in the long-drawn-out sifting process. The schoolboy element soon succumbed, it being more brilliant and scientific than capable of prolonged endurance. The college element proved the claims of the game to practice and undivided attention. Poor form had no chance at all when it found itself in really fast company, and physical strength, combined with skill, carried its two best exponents up the finals.

Douglas's form is, of course, perfect. Harriman's, while not perfect, is good. There is nothing awkward or distressing in the way he handles his clubs. Douglas is all ease and body motion. Harriman is all muscle and strength of arm. The former gets a phenomenal ball, the latter gets a sufficiently long ball to hold a phenomenal driver, which goes to prove that great distance may be much sought after, a most enviable accomplishment, but accuracy, steadiness, and attention to the short game are in the end qualities worth cultivating.

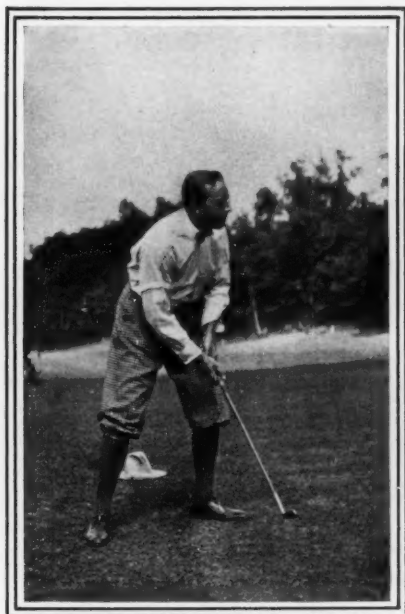
The first game of the Harvard-Yale series was played at Cambridge on June 22, and was one of the most interesting games, from the pitcher's standpoint, that has been played on Soldiers' Field for a long time.

Both Fitz and Robertson showed up well, each side getting but six hits and being held closely at critical periods. Fitz allowed three men to go to bases on balls, while Robertson came out perfect in that respect, although he did hit Sears, and thus gave a base. Up to the eighth inning it was impossible for either side to score. In this inning Dibblee began with a single, but Clarke failed to advance him, going out on a foul to Sullivan. Fincke smashed out a good one between centre and right, but Wallace, who, by the way, has played a most remarkable game for Yale both in the field and at the bat during the season, stretched himself out and secured it. Fitz followed with a hit, and Loughlin went out by Robertson.

Yale opened up by Eddy's getting base on balls, and Robertson followed with a safe hit. Fitz made a wild pitch, which pushed both men up another base, and it seemed as though DeSaulles was to have the chance of his life. All he could do, however, was a little fly to Fitz, but Quimby came up with a fine hit, which brought Eddy and Robertson home and won the game. It seemed impossible to Harvard men that they had not scored, for with a three-base hit by Reid and a two-base hit by Galbraith, with six hits in all, it seemed as though, in the average college game, somebody must have crossed the plate for Cambridge. But runs were too scarce.

The second Harvard-Yale baseball game, played at New Haven on the 27th, reversed the result of the game at Cambridge, and Harvard was able to secure the satisfaction of defeating Yale in the commencement day game on Yale's home grounds, just as Yale had humiliated Harvard's nine a week before at Cambridge.

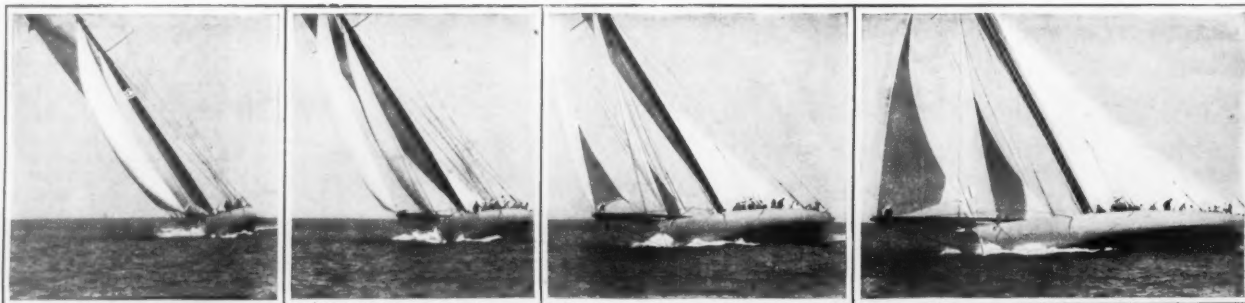
The game was won by Harvard in the first inning by three successive and successful bunts. Loughlin, the first man from Harvard at the bat, placed one just in front of the plate. Sears followed him with another bunt, which by a great effort he beat out to first, and Houghton put in the third bunt, not quite so successfully, for Robertson got the ball in time to field him out, but the ball hit Houghton. Loughlin was nearly caught between third and home, but a poor throw of Quimby's allowed him to score. Reid sent another ball to the Yale pitcher, but Robertson was by this time nerved up and made a good assist. Galbraith, however, followed with a single, which practically won the game, as it sent both Sears and Houghton over the plate. Thus the game began, with Harvard in the lead by three runs at the end of the first inning, the one they added in the third making the score 4 to 0, and thus it stood until the sixth inning. In this inning Camp and Sullivan led off with singles,



J. B. STILLMAN



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Waddell made a sacrifice, and Eddy knocked out a three-bagger, which brought both men home. With one out, it looked as though Yale were going to tie the score, but Eddy was left, as neither Robertson nor DeSaules could help him home, the former striking out, and DeSaules being thrown out by Fincke. In the ninth Cook, who had been substituted for Wear, justified his selection by knocking out a home run, which made the score 3 to 4, but it made the Yale men feel sad to think how different that home run would have looked had it been put in when Yale had men on the bases. Harvard won the game on its merits.

The usual commencement-day crowd attended the game and made the half hour previous to the game especially entertaining.

The last Harvard-Yale game was a fitting climax to a remarkable college season. Both nines were so anxious to win that they could not play their best game. Harvard, however, was the steadier, and lasted out the longer.

It was a see-saw from beginning to end, and lasted over three hours. In the first inning Loughlin was given his base on balls, Sears was hit by Robertson, and Haughton advanced both men by a sacrifice. Reid made a nice low hit to centre, which sent in Loughlin and Sears. Galbraith and Dibblee went out, the former on strikes and the latter on a fly to Wallace. Yale in her half was unable to score. Thus the game started, with Harvard 2 and Yale 0. But in the second inning Harvard had added one to her score, and, going into the field with a score of 3 to 0 in her favor, met with a terrible pounding, which did not end until the score had been reversed, and Yale stood 6 to Harvard 3. Both sides scored in the fourth, and in the fifth Harvard tied by making three runs. Yale got in one, but Harvard tied it again in the sixth. In the seventh Yale went to the front once more with two runs, but Harvard was able to respond, making two runs in the eighth and shutting Yale out in her half, and adding three more in the ninth, again shutting Yale out, leaving the score 13 to 10.

It happened once or twice in the game that certain players forgot themselves, and while it was evident that the crowd did not sympathize with anything like "mucker ball," and also that the majority of the players were ashamed of such exhibitions, this pressure was not sufficient to wholly restrain the men, and another season very decided preliminary action ought to be taken upon such possibilities by the management.

Galbraith at short played a magnificent game and showed his calibre to be of the highest. For Yale, Sullivan played the best game, holding his pitcher well

and being always steady. Camp did by far the most timely hitting, putting in two two-baggers when they were especially needed. The Harvard nine has improved remarkably since the beginning of the season.

The second game of the Yale-Princeton series, played at Princeton, was a remarkable reversal of form, especially on the part of Hillebrand.

Whereas at New Haven he was very erratic, and was also hit with a fair amount of freedom by the Yale men, at Princeton he seemed almost a complete puzzle to them, with the exception of Sullivan. Outside of this young man only three hits were made off him, and he played a careful, steady game. Robertson, the Yale pitcher, began the game as he had left off at New Haven, and up to the seventh inning held the Princeton batters safely. There, however, Hutchinson was advanced on McGibbon's sacrifice,

and Watkins and Suter both hit him safely. He then hit both Kafer and Harrison, the latter forcing in a run, and Hillebrand added still another single, which brought both Suter and Kafer home.

It was the kind of return game which made every one feel that a third game was decidedly necessary to settle the merits of the two nines.

Princeton's song ran:

PRINCETON-YALE. THIRD GAME
"Here come the Elis!
Let's give them a surprise;
Open wide both their eyes;
Teach them baseball!"

And in six innings Princeton had made 11 runs to Yale's 1, and their right to the championship was clinched. And these are the two nines which, less than a month ago, played their first game at New Haven, when Princeton was unable to get a run or a hit.

To one watching this series there could come but one feeling, and that was that the Yale nine had continually retrograded since that New Haven game, while Princeton had radically improved. DeSaules played a remarkable game. There is not another man in the college nines of to-day who could have made the kind of circuit of the bases by which he gave Yale her first run in New York. If a nine could be made up of players, all of them like the Yale captain, their nerve force alone would be sufficient to win most college games. Wallace played his usual steady, consistent game, and Camp and Sullivan batted well. Having said that, one has covered pretty much all that can be said by the most devoted supporter of the Yale nine. The base running was something atrocious, and the field was poorly covered. The score speaks for itself, for when a nine makes nearly the same number of errors and more base hits than its opponents, and is then overwhelmingly defeated, there is usually ground for criticism.

The game began to look bad for Yale from the very start, for Kafer, the second man at the bat, was allowed by Cook to take his base on balls. Hitting Harrison, the next man, sent Kafer to second, and Hillebrand's little hit, together with Bedford's long foul fly, scored the first run for Princeton.

Hillebrand pitched a good game and a careful one. He also did much toward the run getting with his three hits. The only men who failed to get a hit on the Princeton side were Hutchinson and McGibbon, but between them they divided seven put-outs and three assists, which was doing well. Kafer caught a good game and did much to keep Hillebrand steady. Thus, in spite of the remarkable game at New Haven, Princeton took the series in easy fashion.

WALTER CAMP.



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIS & SANFORD

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THE "SHAMROCK" LEAVING THE WAYS

THE "SHAMROCK"

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S yacht "Shamrock," to compete against the "Columbia" for the America's Cup, was launched at Blackwall, near London, on June 26. The christening was performed by Lady Russell, wife of the Lord Chief Justice of England, and witnessed by a distinguished gathering, which included Lord and Lady Clanwilliam, Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Dufferin, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone.

The greatest secrecy has been observed in the construction and launch of the British yacht, but, so far as can be judged, there has been no radical departure in her lines in regard to shape. In common with the best type of modern racing machines, she has the long counter raking sternpost and overhang, the bow profile slopes easily aft, and the midship section is rather shallow.



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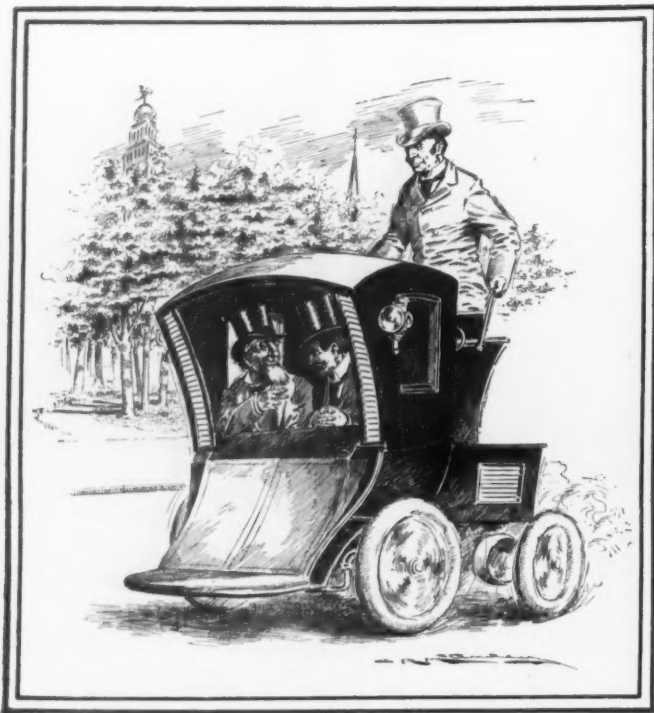
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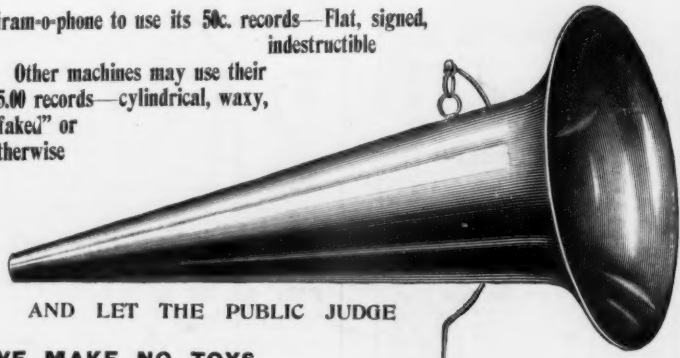


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